

# INTOUCH

NUMBER 54 \$3.00

## FOR MEN

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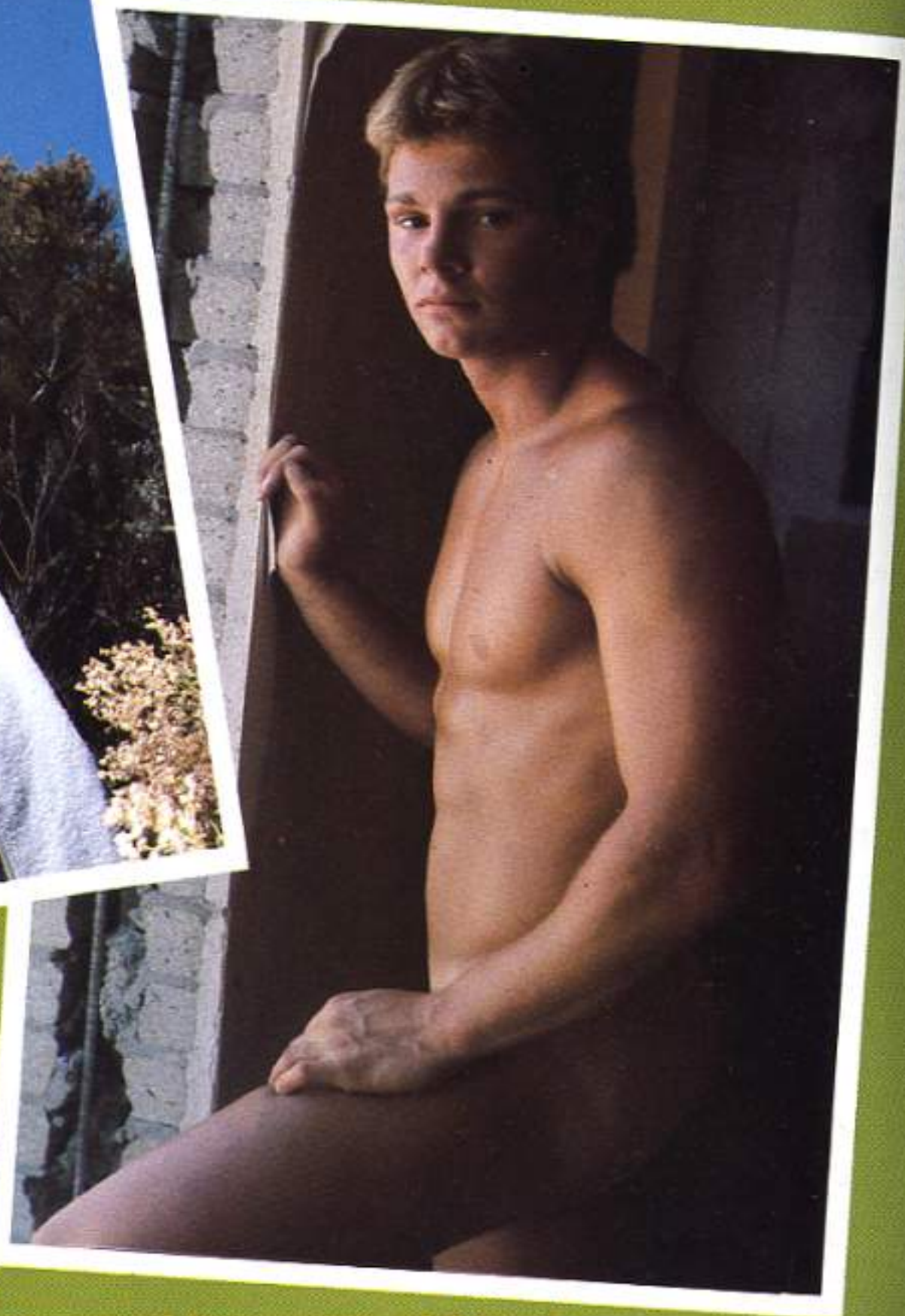
The men of IN TOUCH are incomparable . . . magnificent examples of the men we dream of . . . the "cream of the crop." That's why TROY SAXON STUDIOS is so proud to offer you two IN TOUCH centerfold men . . . dark, sexy TONY and big, beautiful blond JEFF.



## TONY,

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## JEFF

Blond teenage bodybuilder follows in the steps of IN TOUCH coverman Rex Johnson (#49) . . . bringing body worshippers another treat for the eyes. Photographed in the wilds of California, as well as around a swim pool, he's just what the doctor ordered for flagging spirits. Enjoy Jeff.

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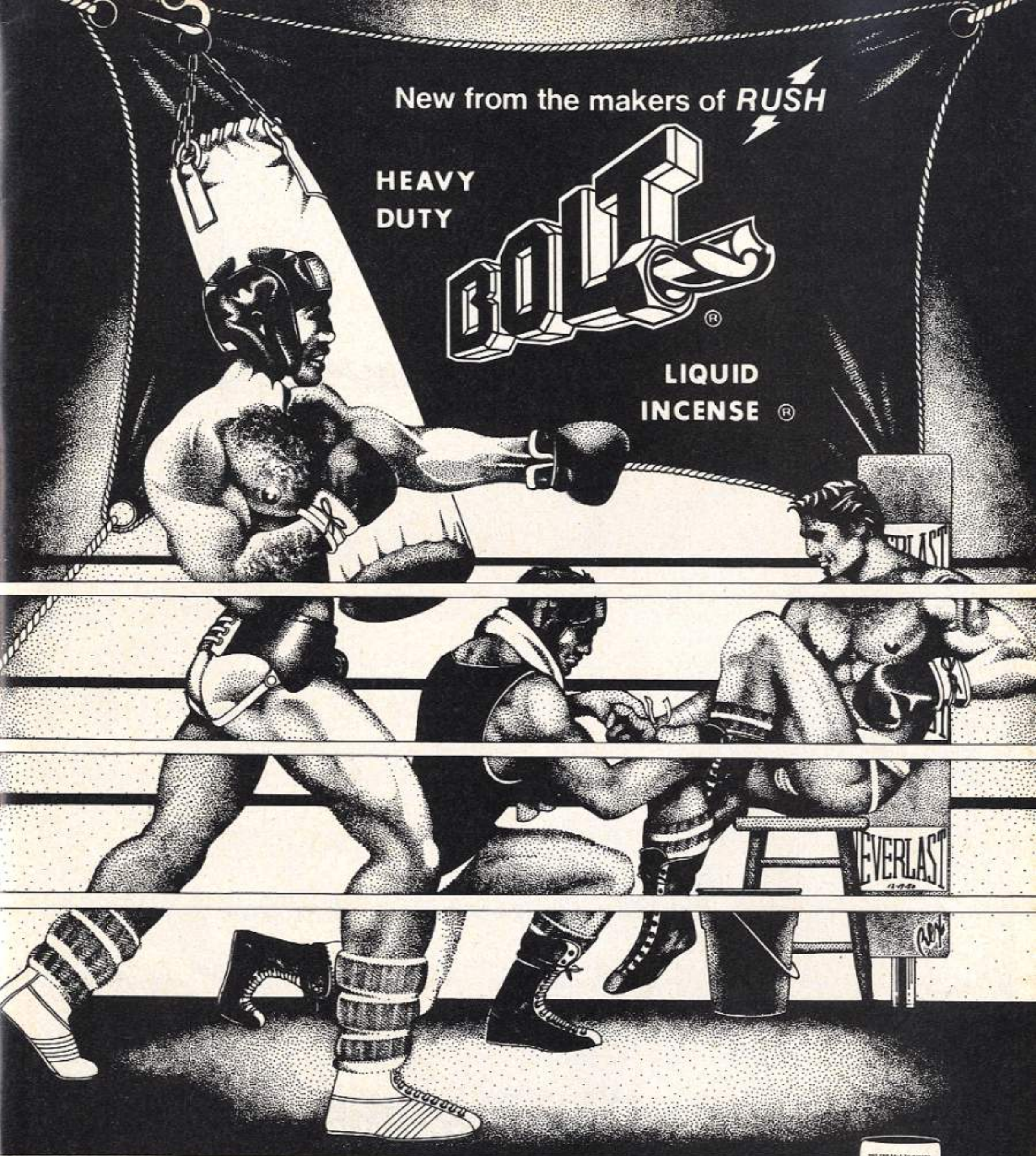


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**6 TOUCH & GO**  
Elvis splits his pants but  
Liz looks divine

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COLUMBIA PICTURES

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# TOUCH & GO



▲  
**WELL,**  
here we  
are, boys,  
between the  
legs of Sheena,  
Queen of the Jungle.  
(Did you think we  
weren't outrageous  
enough to do this to  
you?) Come on, come on,  
you're going to turn  
blue and die if you keep  
this up. Breathe it in.

Mmm-hmm, everything smelling  
of leopard skin and Evening in Paris.  
Sheena welcomes you to our  
special Jungle issue. Raw, wet,  
wild; get out of those clothes!  
This issue was meant to be read in  
the nude. (Aren't all our issues?)



▲ **FASHION PIG:** "I always try to go all out when I dress," Miss Piggy told the *L.A. Times* when it ran a gigantic spread on her in its fashion pages. "More is never enough; that's my motto. There should always be some element of *de trop* and glitz in one's wardrobe. You know, in life I have found that you don't have to be a pig to be beautiful, but you definitely have to be beautiful if you're a pig." Taking a cue from Joan Crawford who penned *My Way of Life*, an unintentionally funny book on dressing, decorating and all the many vivid things that made our Joan our Joan, Miss Piggy will soon bring out "*Miss Piggy's Guide to Life*." Her philosophy is simple: "Never become 50. Never pet anything that can be made into a handbag or shoes. Buy a good wig stand." With a TV show seen in more than a 100 coun-



◀ **O.K., THAT'S IT! NO MORE ANGEL DUST FOR DESI:** No, no, of course Desi isn't on Angel Dust. This is just an *I Love Lucy* way of saying good morning. The still comes courtesy of one of our favorite fan clubs "We Love Lucy" (Box 480216, Los Angeles 90048; yearly membership \$6), a 500-member club that puts out a charming, home-made fanzine, complete with Lucy crossword puzzle ("44 Across—The first little Ricky; 27 Down—Played Carolyn Appleby"), Lucy updates ("Gale Gordon headlines as Captain Andy in *Show Boat* at the San Jose California Light Opera") and delirious Lucy fan letters. ("Who is 'The First Lady of Television,' 'The Queen of Comedy,' and 'The Grand Dame of Comedy'? Who else but the redheaded clown Lucille Ball!") One member even offers a tape of the Ricky Ricardo songs. Unlike fan clubs outside of Hollywood, "We Love Lucy" gets frequent notes and TV passes

from their idol. When they sent her a Christmas bouquet that was all pine cones, ribbons and lit candles, Lucy sent them a handwritten note: "The 'everlasting' part of the basket will be dutifully saved and will match your faithfulness to me through all these years." The faithfulness has already paid off for the founder of the club, CBS staffer Thomas J. Watson, who was given access to rare and fabulous Lucy photos and put them together in the glossy *Loving Lucy* (St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10010; \$15), a monumental tribute to everyone's favorite surrogate mother.

► **COULD THIS MAN MAKE YOU HAPPY?**

Oh, we know how hard you are to please. You're the person who when we fixed you up with that stacked Turkish wrestler with the wavy hair and the uncut accent, you're the person who said, "And your father, what does he do?" You're the person who couldn't make up his mind on what to wear to the nude orgy—cockring and Aramis or the simple, uncluttered statement of two pierced nipples—and so you didn't go at all. We know you are our best friend, but we also know you are one royal pain in the ass. Well, here's some information to make you even more unbearable. Could this man make you happy—well, it's not enough he has old money, good family and a big peter. Now, it's going to depend on how he talks to you. A psychologist in West Germany, woman by the name of Ann Sybille Claas, claims that you can tell how good a man is in bed by his voice: "A soft-voiced man is a tender, unselfish lover; the loudmouth is energetic but frequently brutal." (Note the female bias here; are gay men the only people who feel that brutal can be a highly kinetic form of tenderness?) "The man with the melancholy voice is potent, imaginative and flexible in bed. And then there's the glib fast-talker, he's the worst of the lot: hasty, selfish and premature, substituting talk for action and the sound of his voice for foreplay and afterplay."

See, we told you Chevy Chase was no good for you.

► **QUOTE OF THE MONTH:**

Divine, 300-lb. transvestite star of *Pink Flamingoes* and the new John Waters film, *Polyester*: "All my life I wanted to look like Liz Taylor. Now I find that Liz Taylor is beginning to look like me." Funny.

**This is not Liz Taylor. ►**



PHOTO OF BRUCE BARNES BY MICHAEL ROCK



tries and a new film, *The Great Muppet Caper*, Miss Piggy admits that it "isn't easy being the most fabulous, successful and admired pig in the world. The posh poolside parties, the limousines, the fanatic crowds, the best tables at restaurants, the pig penthouse on Pork Avenue—sometimes it's just a chore to keep going." The *Times* reporter, Jennifer Seder, noted that the star swine "is particular about such things as neatness and cleanliness, perhaps as a reaction to her humble beginnings." She also dislikes earth colors and mudpicks. For facials, in fact, Miss Piggy will only allow chocolate mousse. "How can one learn a sense of taste, glamor and fashion?" Miss Piggy asks in summation. "I find either one has it or one doesn't. *Moi* got it!"



NEW LINE CINEMA





MGM RECORDS

▲ **CAUGHT WITH A FLAT? WELL, HOW**

**ABOUT THAT:** This is Connie Francis, pre-rape. Ever since her assault in a Howard Johnson motel room, Connie has been unable to perform. She now lives in New Jersey and studies architectural design at Parson's in New York. Connie wrote in *People* that until her rape she "lived a charmed life. I believed every word of every song I ever sang." Actually with

songs like *Where the Boys Are* and *Follow the Boys*, we believed every word she ever sang! Connie Francis had a cry and warble in her voice and great emotionalism. But after the rape, everything petrified. "I couldn't pick up a newspaper or listen to a newscast. I was afraid to be with people. I would lie in bed for a month at a time and wouldn't want to get up . . . To this day I never go anywhere alone . . . Performing

scares me to death because I think I'm the target. You can't make sense out of fear." Too bad. We miss you, Connie.

Rape, psychologists tell us, is not about sex but about violence. Recently there has been an upswing in male-male rapes. Chicago's *Gaylife*, one of the hardest working and most informed gay weeklies in the country (222 West Huron, Suite 400, Chicago, IL 60610; \$32 a year) reported the story of a 32-year-old man being struck in the street, shoved into a van, raped with a gun at his temple by three toughs in their twenties calling him "faggot," robbed, beaten and thrown into the street. For a lot of people, this is a favorite fantasy; the

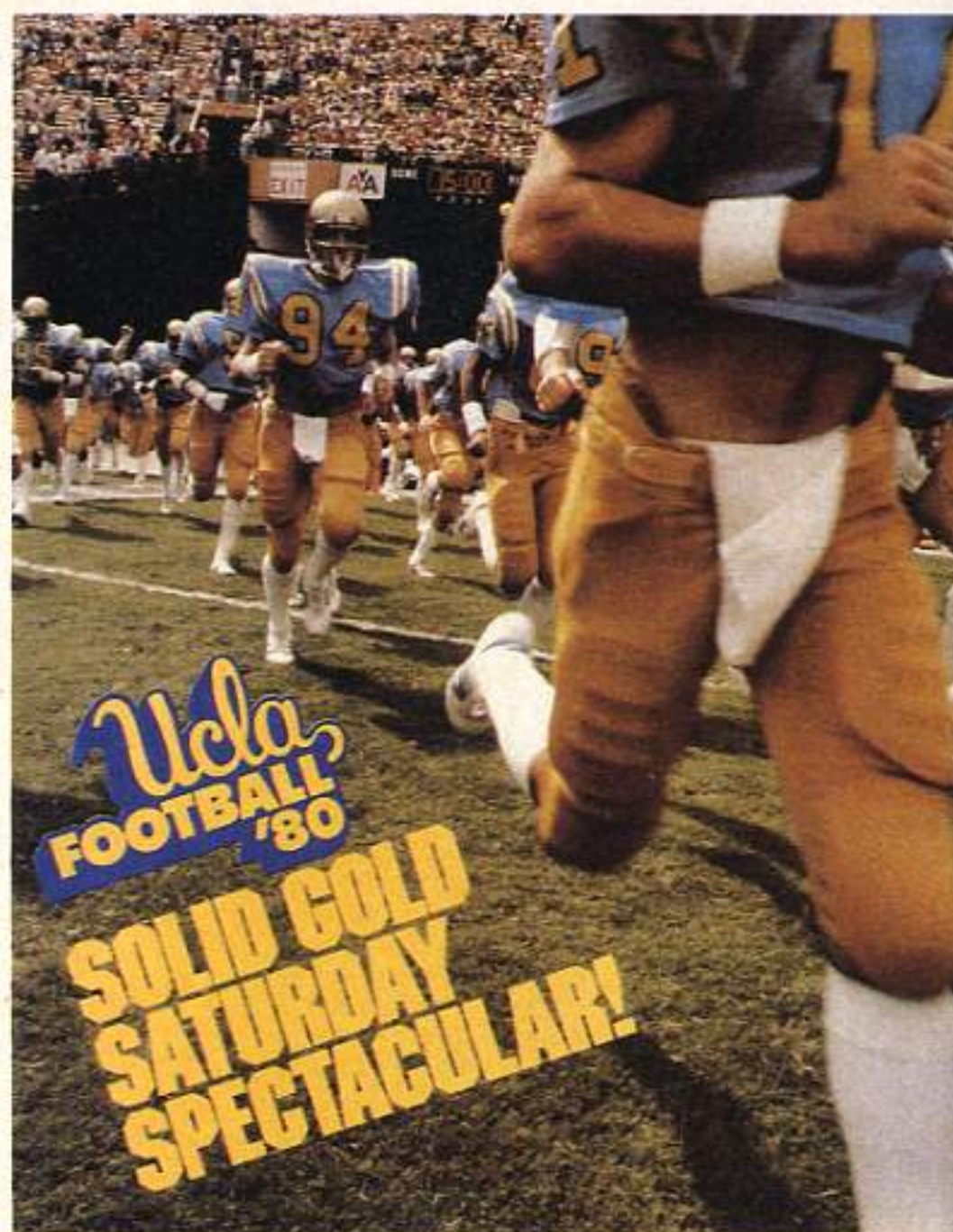
raw reality of it, however, is another thing. The scarred and rectally bleeding man was admitted to a hospital and now suffers from many of the phobias mentioned by Connie Francis. Psychologists tell us that the upswing in gay rapes is related to two things: The rapist's fear of his own homosexuality (no kidding) and urban society's general, if silent, acceptance of gaylife as a possible and respectable lifestyle for anyone. This growing acceptance makes it harder for the borderline thug to dismiss the possibility of it for himself. He is among the last people left in the closet, hiding in its darkest corner, trying to beat down his feelings by beating down, robbing and cursing at the people who inspire them. Well, his days in the closet are numbered, thanks to the many brave men and women who have come out into the light, accepted the challenge, paraded and politicked and taken their place, shoulder to shoulder, in the front line that is staring the closets into disintegration. Male-male rape is one of the peculiar by-products of our progress as visible Americans. Oh well, no gain without pain, we guess.

As for the sailors in this picture (if you thought we forgot about them, you don't know us very well), they're a little reminder that our next issue will have gobs and gobs of gobs as we salute all sailorboys in—and out—of their blue wool pants.



MONROE

◀ This is not Divine.







ALLIED ARTISTS

◀ **LIGHTING UP** may be hazardous to your health but not to your libido, if Viceroy has anything to say about it. Following the lead, perhaps, of the disco industry which regularly premieres albums at gay clubs, Viceroy is introducing its new brand of Rich Lights with a free give-away of classic American novels, among them *Billy Budd*, which was written by the great Herman Melville and which is dedicated to the British swabbie that Melville was plainly in love with when they were sailors on the Atlantic. Melville, in fact, who had a wife and children, was no stranger to male infatuations; his crush on the handsome Hawthorne was so persistent that Hawthorne had to sell his house and leave town soon after Melville moved down the road. Like all artists, Melville spoke passionately of those things that concerned him passionately, and in *Billy Budd*, modeled after his beautiful British sailor, he wrote:



"Now the Handsome Sailor . . . had naturally enough attracted the captain's attention from the first. Though in general not very demonstrative to his officers, he had congratulated Lieutenant Ratcliffe upon his good fortune in lighting on such a fine specimen of the *genus homo*, who in the nude might have posed for a statue of young Adam before the Fall." Not bad for the price of a smoke.

▶ **JOE NAMATH WAS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG:** Check out the turn-on photo that the University of California put on the cover of their football program last season. Those tan teenage washboards! Those center strips of hair! (Only Southern California would have quarterbacks in rib-ticklers.) Those white thingamajigs dangling down—hell, who cares if the boys cheat on their exams! This is jock-sniff heaven. This is enough to make you sneak into the locker room at halftime, steal one of those white thingies (still damp from pubic sweat) and press them in the family Bible forever. But if you think we're kookie in Southern California, the boys in Northern California have definitely taken us one step beyond. Here's an item we read in the *L.A. Times*:

"Ever wonder how Oakland Raider running back Mark van Eeghen gobbles up all that yardage? Tights—like the kind dancers wear—help the 230-pounder. 'We all wear them for games in cold weather. They help keep me warm. They're not so heavy as thermal underwear and they mold to your skin very well under your uniform. They're worn all over the league.' Danskinn makes the tights for men in four sizes and in three lengths. Presumably, Van Eeghen wears D extra-extra long, but he's not sure. 'The things stretch so much I may wear a size Small.' Dick Romansky, Raider's equipment manager, says he ordered more than 100 pair for the team three years ago 'all in black. They wear well. Panty hose fall apart after one game.'"

And that, as any drag queen can tell you, is a real bitch.

▶ **EXCLUSIVE:** This is not Liz Taylor or Divine. This is Elvis Presley splitting his pants, circa 1972. Maybe because he had such a thick dick! Look at that hillbilly monster! For years this photo was a legend in the record industry. Many people doubted it even existed. Now, for the first time, the photographer is offering it to the public, in sizes suitable for framing (contact Lamb Productions, 270 North Canon Drive, Suite 103, Beverly Hills, CA 90201; \$6). Remember, you saw it first in *IN TOUCH*. (No wonder they called him the King.)





# LETTERS:

## MORE STRAIGHT TALK

Issue #50 with the 50 nude men was really something, but that article by Corky Jones on "How To Pick Up Straight Men" was something else again. Picking up straight men may not be for everyone, but everyone should know the excitement, the risk and the thrill of doing it. It's a little bit harder but it pays back when the approach is well calculated. It is never a loss of time because there is so much to learn. It even makes an ordinary old good fuck a bit more tastier. Keep it up, Corky, the straights all need our help. Why don't you guys run a picture of Corky. I'd like to see what he looks like.

Carol deVavennel  
Alberta

I read with great interest your article on picking up straight men. Considering that author Corky Jones grew up in Arizona and came out in San Antonio (locations close to El Paso, where I live), it was curious that our perceptions on how to win straight men differed in so many cases. True, his experiences are mostly with miners and construction workers while mine are with soldiers from all over the country (based at Ft. Bliss) and young Chicanos. Also, Jones limits himself to going to straight bars and making double-entendre opening remarks while I limit myself to hitchhikers on the main drag and inviting them home in a straight-forward manner. This method results in about 20 "scores" each year. About 75% of the guys I give a lift to come over for a drink; of those 99% wind up having sex with me. What's interesting—and something Jones didn't mention—was while most of them give all indications of being "straight," they are not at all passive in their boy-boy activity!

I have to agree with Jones when he says "In theory, all men are makable." But methods vary and I think he goes to more trouble than necessary by wasting time in a straight bar. He is over-cautious in avoiding men "who look like they're not handling their booze well—that often spells trouble." I've never run into problems with this. As far as body size is concerned, I am a rather small fellow but I have never worried about being overpowered. No problems here either.

What I really object to his double-entendre procedure. "Put on a broad smile and throw a manly wink" is too obvious. Flirtation is not necessary. Friendly, down-to-earth conversation



Corky Jones, author of "How to Pick Up Straight Men" (Issue #50).

does the job. Jones says the other guy must be made to feel he is instigating the sexual situation but Jones does not explain how this is done or why it is necessary (which it isn't.) But he's right about the usefulness of inspiring curiosity about your own sexual interests. On the other hand, some of my most exciting make-outs happened after long rap sessions that never touched on the subject of sex and during which there had been little obvious "body language" and after which he made the first move! I am always surprised by the number of guys who are very (if not completely) inexperienced and yet volunteer to be fucked without any suggestions from me. What a turn-on when one of these beautiful young GIs, lying naked on my den carpet, turns over on his tummy and just says: "Take it easy, O.K.?"

Jones says that before leaving the bar it is important to mention your own bisexual experiences (which may be a lie.) That seems to me to "spill the beans" and obliterate the mystery of the situation. It could stop the pick-up right there. I submit that the "bisexual ploy" is unnecessary and lowers your chances of continuing the game. If it works, it makes for exciting dialogue. (It was sexy

reading in your magazine.) But Jones admits that he has struck out as many times as he has succeeded. And I say, no wonder. Most of the guys I bring home tell me later that they hadn't suspected I was gay and we'd wind up making out, so while it's good to establish mystery about your sexual inclinations, letting him know that you are gay is neither necessary or desirable.

I agree with Jones about taking them to your house but "fondling your balls" as a come-on and an out-and-out offering of a blow job is, again, too obvious and could break the "magic" and lower your chances at some good love-making. I also agree that it's a great thrill to achieve a kiss on the mouth. In fact, I think it's a bigger victory than being allowed to screw the guy. My experience differs too in that most of my tricks do reciprocate, though it's true as he says that they won't spend the night.

All in all, Corky Jones makes it sound like too rare and complicated an experience. If the technique is good, I have found, it's easy! And what an adventure!

M.G.S.

El Paso, TX

Author Corky Jones replies: "I think your letter is great. Constructive criticism is always welcome. At first, though I thought you were being catty, but then it dawned on me that you are basically picking up younger men, while my trip is older men. This may be why we have different methods. I never said this was the only way to pick up straight men; this is just the way that works for me. The editor of IN TOUCH approached me to do the article and put it in a step-by-step form, so I did, but I didn't mean it to sound like these were the only steps you could take. Again, I enjoyed your letter and would like to hear how you arrange your tete-a-tetes on the road. I could use a few tips myself."

We agree. We'd like an article from M.G.S. on the subject—and from any of our readers who have an inside track not only on picking up straight men but on picking up other types, taking risks, or widening our awareness of the adventure and challenge of being gay.

—Ed.

## ARMY MAN REPLIES

I read your article on gay sex in the Army, "Military Discharge" in Issue #52, and was sadly disappointed. Being an ex-Sergeant in the Army during the Viet Nam era, I know from experience there was more sex than the writer even hinted



at. I also believe the writer is sadly misinformed. I have received an honorable discharge for being a homosexual, and I didn't have to go through the V.A. Center to have it upgraded either. At first the Battalion Commander wanted to forget all about it until I started spreading around the fact I was gay. Then he wanted to give me a general discharge. So I casually mentioned that I wouldn't accept it and I was going to the newspapers with the story. Needless to say, the honorable discharge was quickly forthcoming. It's disheartening to believe that a few gay men are willing to let some higher ranking personnel tell them what to do. All it takes is a little standing on your own two feet. Don't believe it? Ask me, I'm gay and proud of it!!

Bill Closs  
Lakewood, CO

*Great, Bill, but we think you were pretty lucky. If your Battalion Commander were a Southern-Baptist-Kluge-Klan type, things might have gotten ugly. The experiences of gay Army men that we hear from tend to resemble our writer's. We are happy for you that yours didn't.*

#### TURNING JAVANESE

I'm astonished that with your West Coast location, you seem never to offer pictures of Chinese, Japanese and other Asian types. Blacks and Caucasians are seen in every publication, but never Asians. Why?

R. Mittenbuhler  
Lincoln, MA

*Turn to page 40, R. All your wet dreams about Polynesian paradise boys are about to come true. (and he's large!)*  
—Ed

#### CUT/UNCUT WARS (CONT'D)

I have never felt compelled to write to a magazine in response to a letter, but I do now because of a letter published in issue 51 under "Cut/Uncut Wars." I realize that arguing about circumcision is like arguing religion or politics. But here goes. What's as American as apple pie? A circumcised male. Why shouldn't the circumcised penis be a national identification? A physical characteristic to go along with our national psychic characteristics, which are well known. I question the accuracy of the letter that stated "At the turn of the century practically no Americans were circumcised with the exception of Jewish men." Research using family Bibles to trace ancestry confirms that between 32 to 38 percent of American men were circumcised by the 1870's. I myself was not circumcised until I was 22. Because I enjoyed sex before being cut, I feel I can speak with authority on this subject. Since being circumcised, sex is even more enjoyable. I can prolong foreplay much longer and



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WEB  
Wanwatos, WI

#### MUDDY JOCKS

Well, you have made a lifetime subscriber of me. I really got off on your mud wrestling feature in Issue #52. I like to get one or two of my best buddies and mud wrestle with them in my backyard. It really gets me hard and horny to have that squishy goo covering every inch of my body. So please, let's see more mudwrestling.

No Name Please  
Memphis, TN

#### COWBOY JEANS

I enjoyed the article on the Reno rodeo (#51), especially the interviews. I would appreciate you checking the original tape of the Dave Wilson interview regarding appropriate apparel. It is my impression that cowboys wear Lee and Wrangler and loggers wear Levi's. A small point I'm sure, but I know you strive for accuracy.

David Platt  
Portland, OR

*Dave, you're right! Dave Wilson seemed to be saying that on tape, but when we contacted him, he confirmed that Lee and Wrangler were the jeans worn by cowboys. Wilson now has an "8 hour day job in a flexible packaging place." He's also a bartender. "That's a lot of fun!" He looks forward to working with horses again but sees no prospects of that in the near future. We wish him the best.*

—Ed.

I would like to thank you very much for your article on the gay rodeo. I work in an adult book store and sometimes the IN TOUCHES are late but they get here. It is now my favorite gay magazine. I can not tell you how moved I was by the interview with Dave Wilson, the gay cowboy who lost all his friends and his business because he came out publicly at the gay rodeo. He's a real hero (and a hunk!) I'd like to write to him, could you give me his address? The only thing wrong with the rodeo article was it didn't say when the next one would be held. I want to go!

Leon Johnson  
Knoxville, TN

*Leon, we've really caught hell from several readers for not giving the dates of the next gay rodeo in Reno. It will be held on the weekend of July 31—August 2. By the way, there are openings for riders, bull clowns, an announcer, etc. For more info, contact Phil Ragsdale, National Reno Gay Rodeo, Box 2372, Reno, Nevada 89505. As for Dave Wilson—who has emerged as a hero for*



Wranglers . . .

*many readers, judging from our letters—it is unethical to give out his address. But you can write to him in care of IN TOUCH and we will forward your letters.*

—Ed.

#### ABSOLUTELY!

I must applaud your letters column. Recently you've taken to publishing

. . . versus Levis.



letters from young people troubled by their emerging gayness. I think you do a great service helping them as well as others who may be too shy to write. I'd like to assure any IN TOUCH reader who is struggling with himself that being gay is as natural and fulfilling as being straight. Don't worry about yourself. Don't let others tell you that you are "sick." Keep in mind that the Anita Bryants of the world—those people who try to advance their careers by stepping on our backs—those people are few and will be forced someday to recognize the rising status of the homosexual. Until then, we must realize we are not alone.

M. Henson  
Fullerton, CA

#### ANYTIME

I wrote you last November about problems receiving merchandise I ordered from one of your mail-order advertisers in Germany, namely "Duesenberg — Halz." I am happy to report that the matter was resolved most satisfactorily and Duesenberg — Halz remains in the highest repute for me. I wish to thank all of you for your response and willingness to go to bat for a subscriber. I really appreciate that in a world that is so curt and cold these days. Thank you.

J.B.  
Buffalo, NY

#### SAGE ADVICE

A message to the young gay: I was young once. You will all say that one day, my beautiful young brothers. Remember that the next time you turn down someone who is "over 40." Perhaps you are turning down an opportunity for the greatest sexual thrill of your young life. Share it with us because, like me, you too will say one day:

Give me back my youth  
That timeless time when  
I didn't know it was me!  
Give me back what I wasted  
Hoping to outgrow it; foolishly  
Thinking it was a temporary time;  
That its freedom and beauty  
Was only a waiting period until  
Something more important happened.  
It didn't  
Happen.

I'll sign this "Anonymous," but you've all met me.

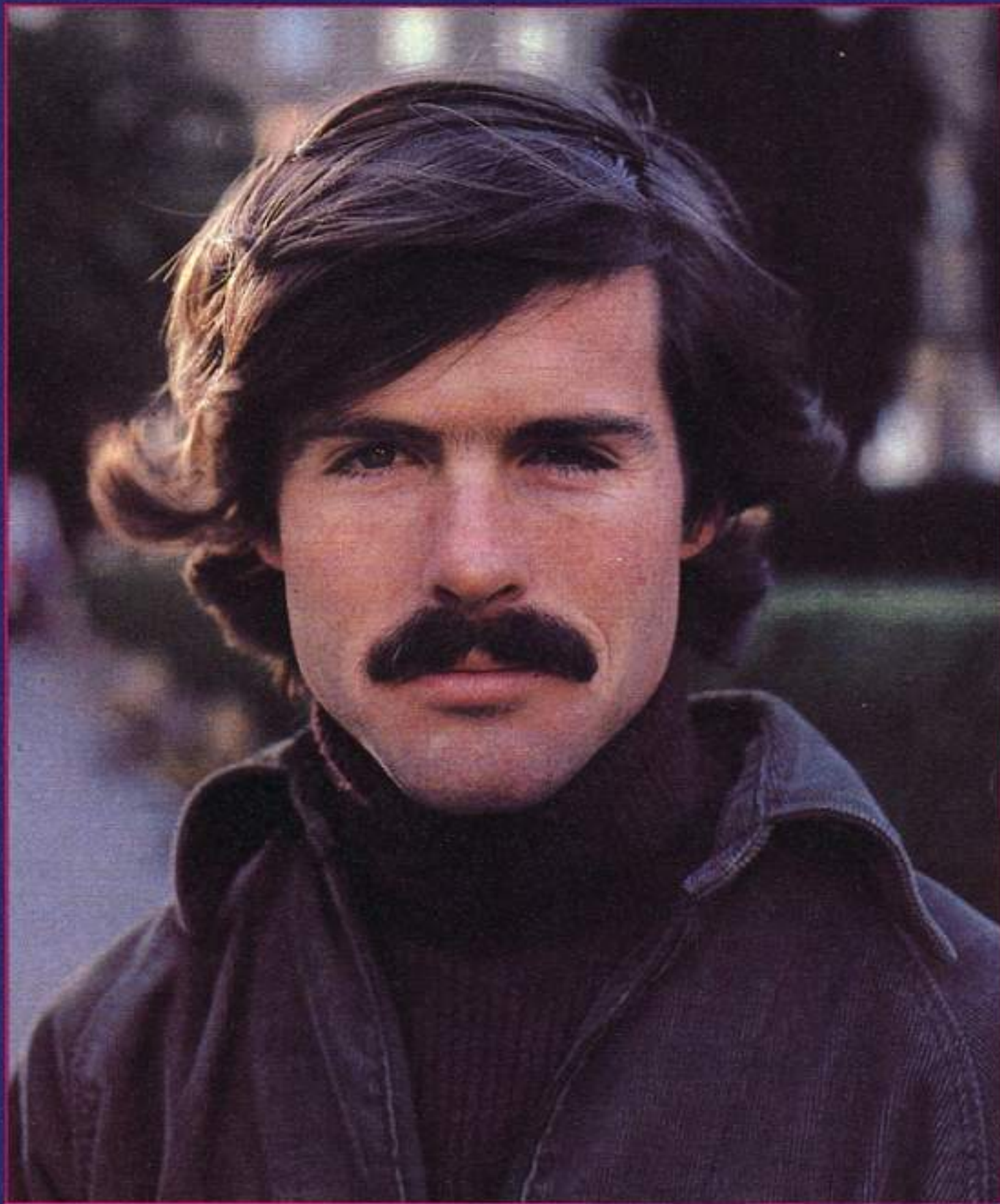
Anonymous  
Holt, MI

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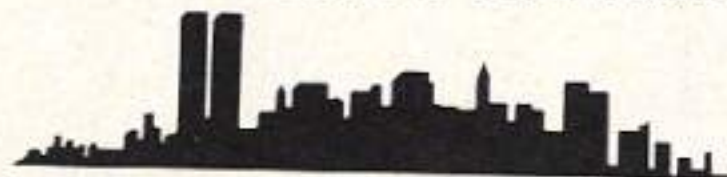
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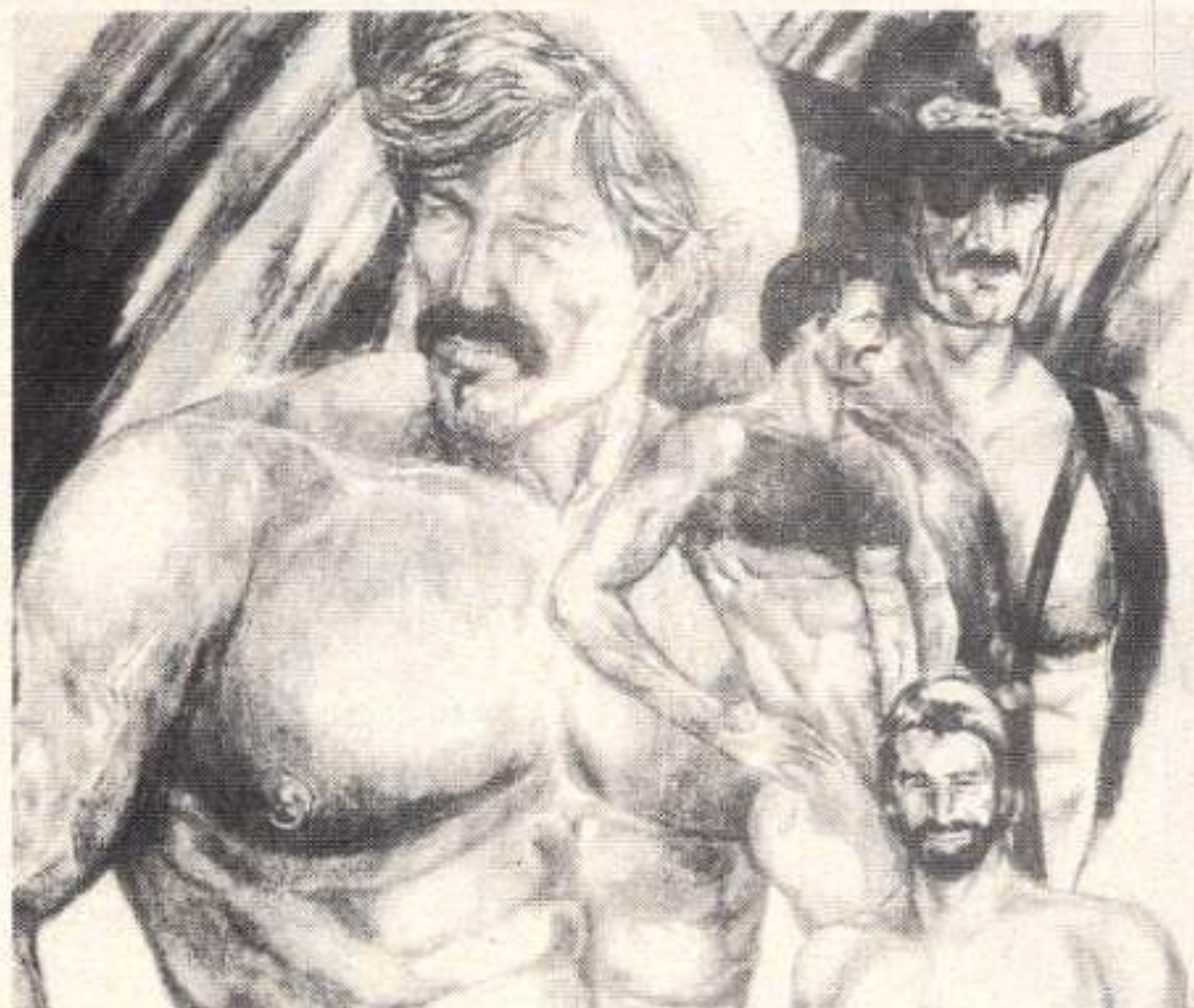
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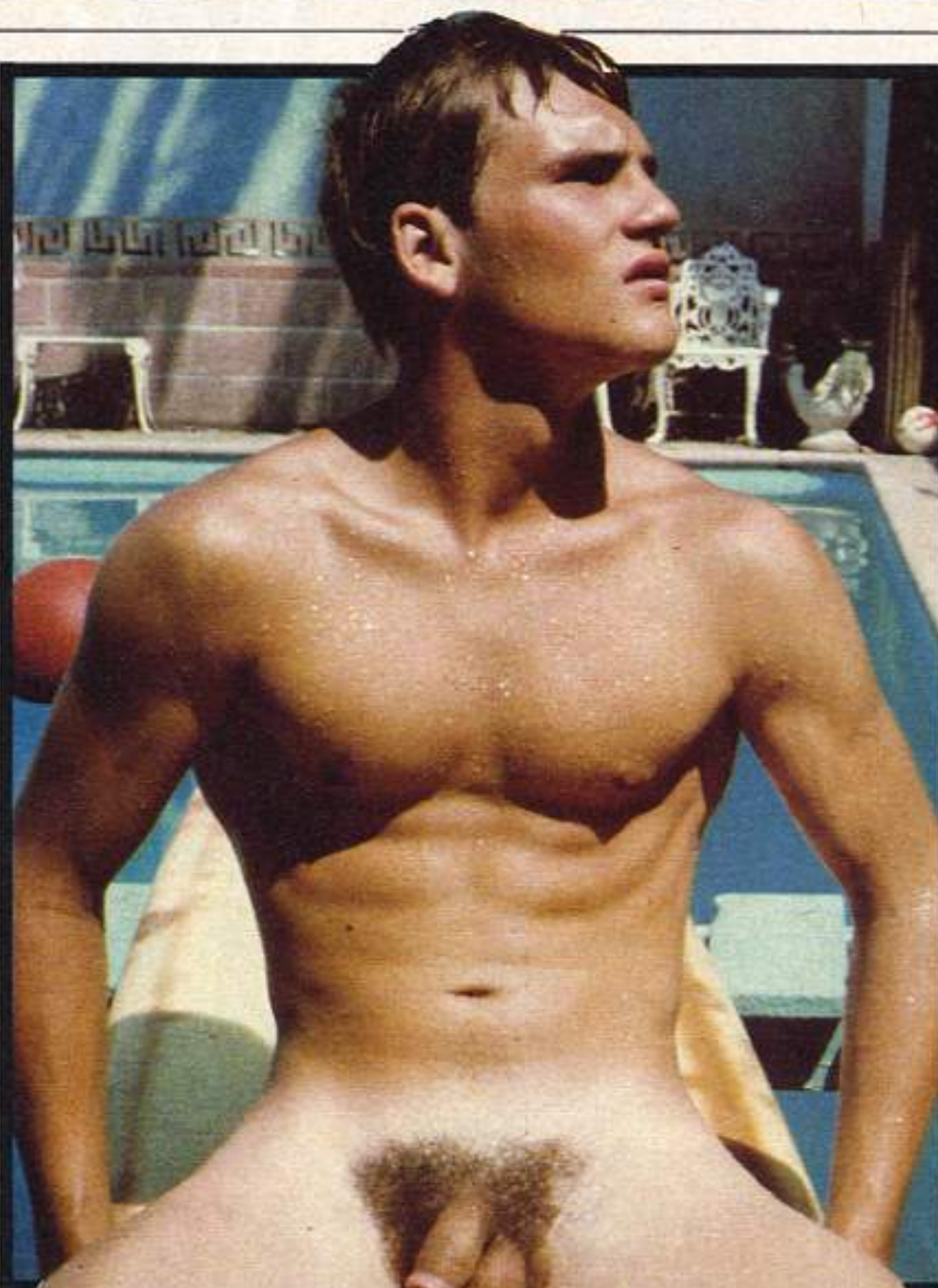
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# SEXERCISE

One of the hard realities of gay life is that the man with sharply defined muscles is the man with an edge over the competition. As Jack Wrangler says, "Biceps, pecs, and stomach muscles are, right or wrong, the symbols of American masculinity and believe me it's a terrific thrill to walk down the street with your shirt off and cause a three car collision!" But a Peter-built bod is not enough in the bedroom. There are other muscles to be toned up if you want a rematch with that angelic cowboy with the curly hair you snagged the other night at the disco. Sure, a pleasing personality, mental alertness and an active interest in others will enhance your attractiveness. Nonetheless, when it comes to man-to-man physical communication, your body is your major tool.

Exercises which are designed to help you function as a better lover are not only healthy, they're downright spiritual. In his widely read book, *Gay Spirit—A Guide to Becoming a Sensuous Homosexual*, David Loovis describes what he calls the sensual aura: a feeling of well-being which silently communicates to others that the man who possesses it has a good mental attitude and a sense of confidence that comes with a healthy body. If you're satisfied, other men are apt to feel positive toward you as well.

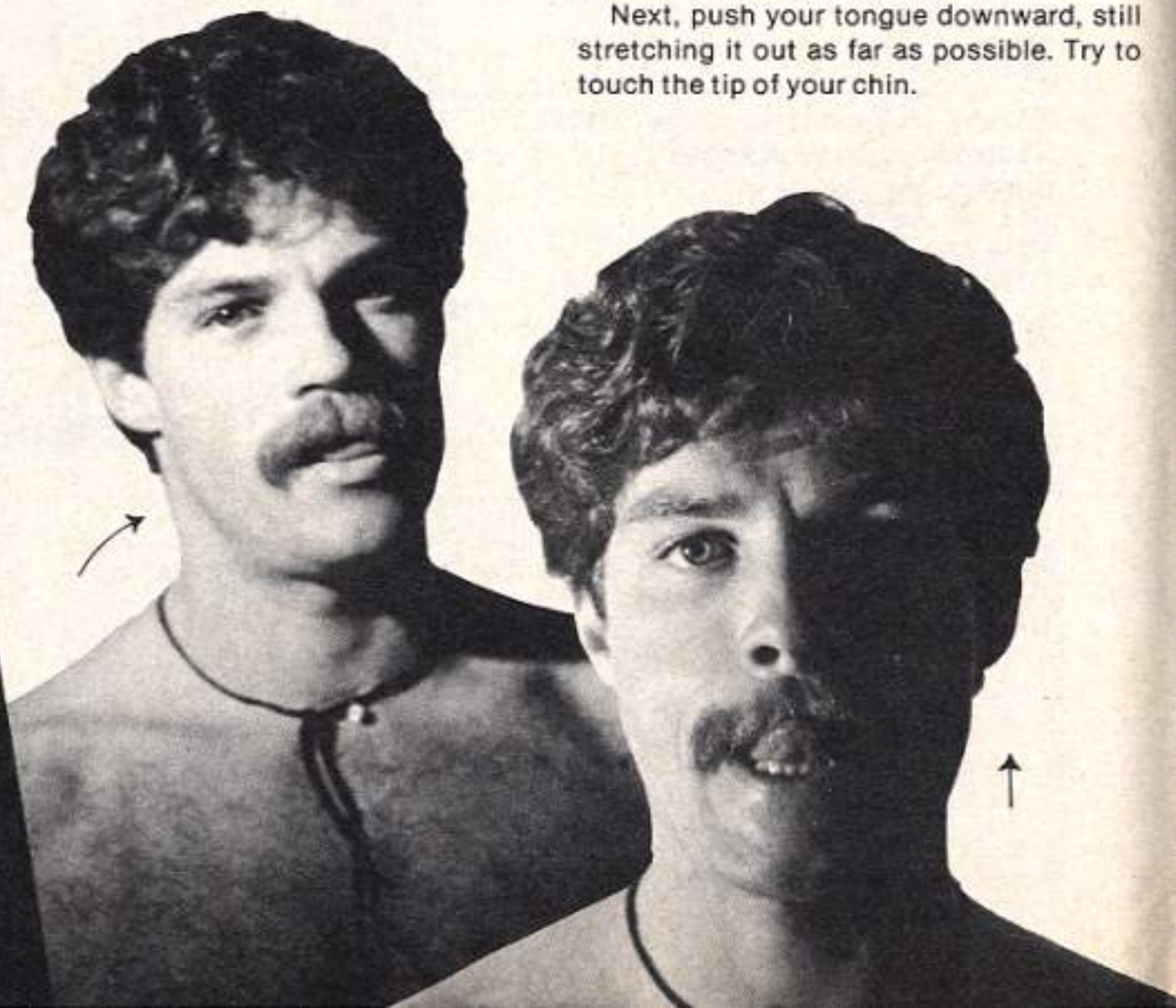
## THE MOUTH

Fellatio is the way to send a man to heaven, as they used to say in the old days, and there are few situations as embarrassing as having your mouth give out too soon.

To develop a stronger, more flexible tongue, perform the following exercise before your mirror (and try not to giggle).

Open your mouth very wide and stick out your tongue, pushing it out as far as you can. Curl your tongue upward and try to touch the tip of your nose.

Next, push your tongue downward, still stretching it out as far as possible. Try to touch the tip of your chin.





Text  
by WARD  
MICHAELS

Photos  
by RAY  
WEBSTER

Returning your tongue to your mouth, close your lips and roll your tongue gently back and forth.

Then, open your mouth *wide* and extend your tongue again. Move it from side to side, imagining that you are trying to reach each ear in turn.

Repeat each of these tongue movements several times; increase the number every time you do the exercise.

To strengthen your throat muscles thrust your chin forward, keeping your lips closed. Push forward steadily, being careful not to strain or to cause yourself undue discomfort. Relax. Repeat. Increase the number of thrusts each time you perform the exercise.

A variation: yawn, but with your mouth tightly closed. Best practiced in a particularly boring bar.

## THE PELVIS

In anal intercourse, satisfaction depends on the depth of insertion, which, in turn depends almost completely on pelvis thrust. Dynamite climaxes are usually the result of repeating thrusts at varying speed. A variety of thrusts is also important. For instance, rotating your hips and shifting them from side to side adds excitement and increases the stimulation of your partner's prostate gland, a seat of intense sexual pleasure; but you need the hips, pelvis and lower back to do this. Unfortunately we do more sitting than moving around and this cuts down on the flexibility of your pelvic region. Therefore, the following pelvic exercises are more than just recommended, they are required if you want to get more bounce to the ounce.

Face a wall, placing your chest and toes against it. Push your pelvis forward, forcing your genitals against the wall. Keeping the soles of your feet flat on the floor, thrust upward, pushing your groin as far up the wall as possible. Next, force it downward along the wall as far as possible. Repeat these cat-in-the-hat movements several times, increasing the number of up and down thrusts whenever you perform the exercise. You may find it advisable to clean the wall with a tissue after you finish, depending upon the number of up and down thrusts performed.

Next, kneel with knees together. Sit back, placing your buttocks against your heels. Lock your hands at the back of your neck. Now thrust your pelvis forward with an upward movement, raising your buttocks from your heels. Relax and repeat as many times as is comfortable for you, increasing the number of thrusts at each session.





Now stand up. Hold your arms at your sides, slightly away from your body, and firmly plant your feet about twelve inches apart. Rotate your pelvis in a clockwise direction. Move slowly and concentrate on maintaining steady control. Rest. Repeat, this time moving the pelvis in a counter-clockwise direction. As with the other exercises, increase the number of rotations with each session.



## THE BUTTOCKS

In anal sex, it is often better to receive than to give. The receiver's ability to please in an aggressive manner is dependant upon his use of the buttocks, or glut-eus muscles. By tensing, relaxing, thrusting forward, thrusting back—all to meet the stroke of your partner—you can double the excitement and enrich the quality of your encounter. Lucky is the top man who comes to his love labor expecting to do all the work only to find that the work is steamily being done for him and all he has to do is relax, and let himself be milked to climax by the deep, muscular spasms of his lover.

Unfortunately, modern life does not run our asses ragged as it should if we are to be turbo engines. The exercises that follow are designed to remedy that—and knock your top man on *his* ass!

Stand erect with your arms at your sides and your feet together. Squeeze your buttocks together slowly. Thrust your pelvis forward. Repeat, concentrating on performing a smooth, even motion each time.

Sit on the floor, legs extended, feet together. Place your hands on the floor on either side of your body and lean back slightly. Tighten your buttocks slowly, squeezing the cheeks together. Hold this position, then relax. Repeat several times.

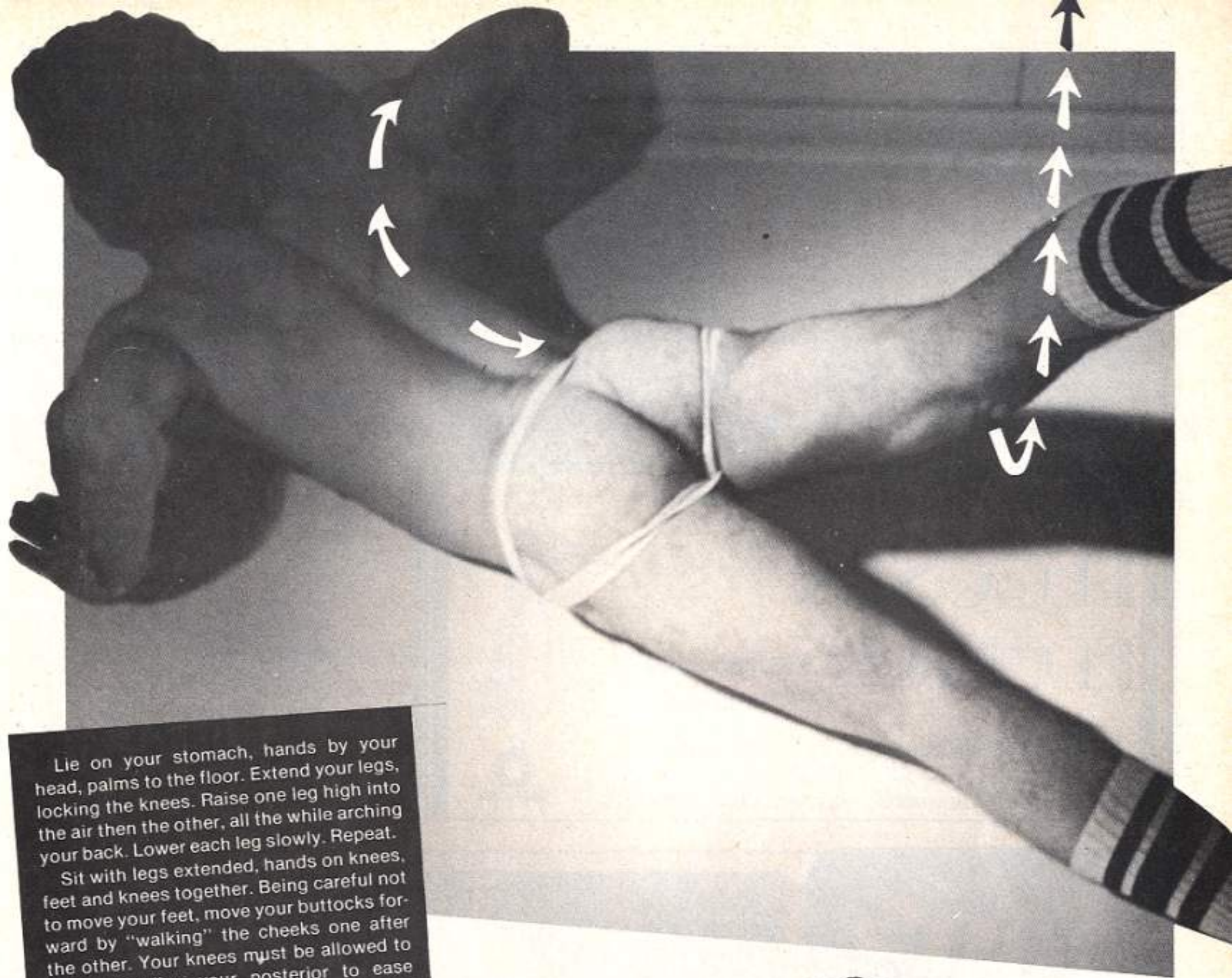
Lie on your back, bending knees until the soles of your feet are flat on the floor. Keep feet and knees close together. Rest your hands on either side of your buttocks with palms downward. Raise your buttocks as high as possible off the floor, arching your back. Squeeze cheeks together, thrusting your pelvis upward. Hold this position, then relax slowly to the floor. Repeat several times, increasing repetitions with each session.











Lie on your stomach, hands by your head, palms to the floor. Extend your legs, locking the knees. Raise one leg high into the air then the other, all the while arching your back. Lower each leg slowly. Repeat.

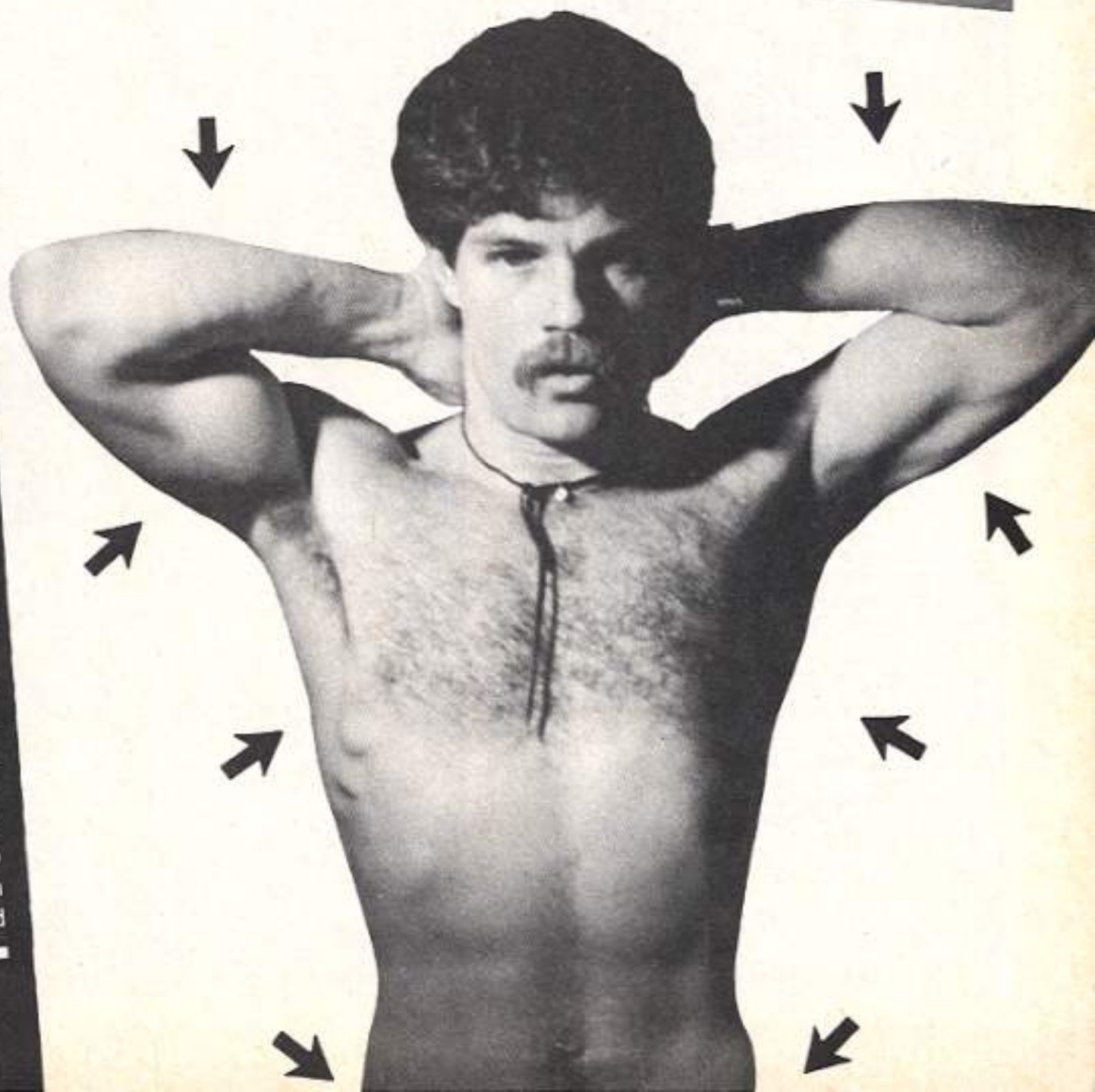
Sit with legs extended, hands on knees, feet and knees together. Being careful not to move your feet, move your buttocks forward by "walking" the cheeks one after the other. Your knees must be allowed to bend, enabling your posterior to ease ahead. Continue until your buttocks and heels are nearly touching. Then inch your cheeks backward until you have once again achieved your original position.

### AND ONE FINAL WORD

Like most exercise, sexercise is more fun if you do it with a buddy. This is especially true of the pelvic thrusts. You may even find that buddy work-outs also let you check your progress without having to go out elsewhere.

Remember, it's always wise to consult your physician before beginning any fitness program. It's also important to start slowly in order to avoid strain. The object is to reintroduce your muscles to increased use, extending and exercising them a little more each day. If you become impatient and do too much too soon, you defeat the purpose and can do yourself physical harm.

The rewards of sexercise are obvious. You can become a healthier, happier man with an improved mental outlook. Better yet, you can turn yourself into the kind of sexual athlete you've always admired. Go on, sport, become a legend in your own time. We'll meet in the bye and bye. And then you can, um, thank me. ■■





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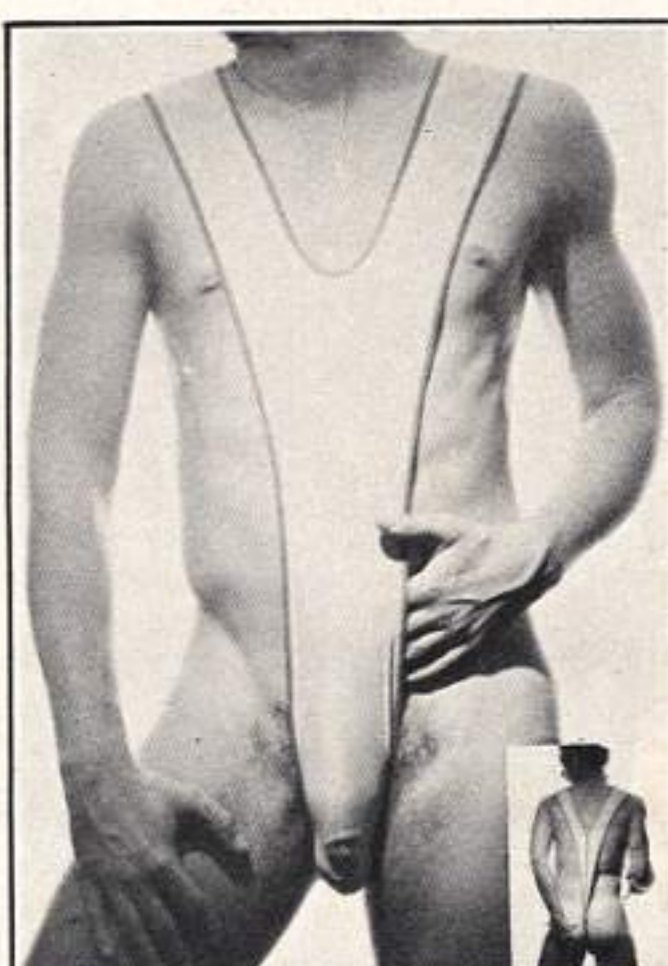
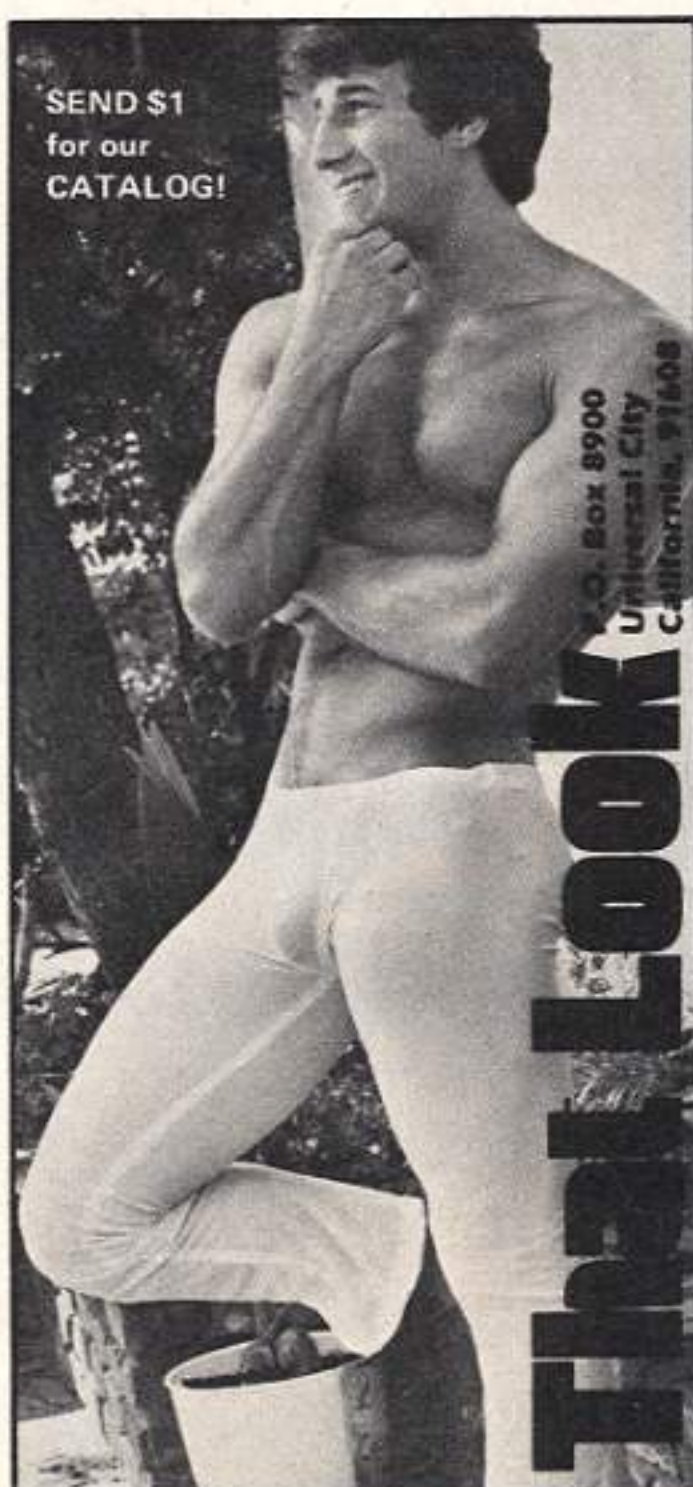
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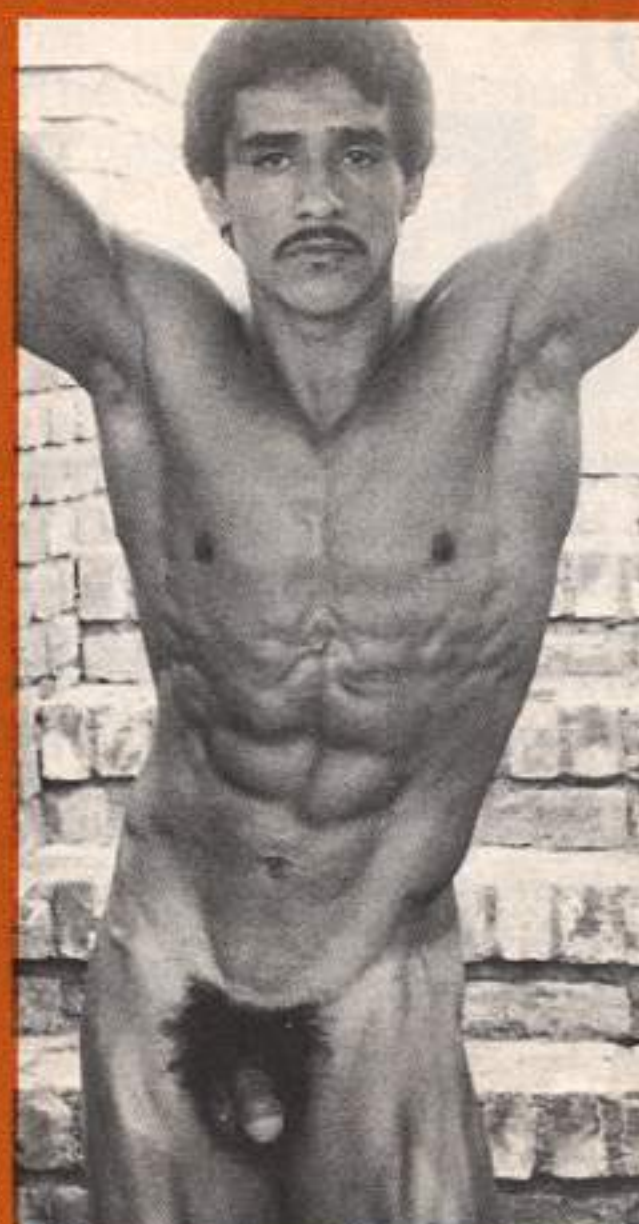
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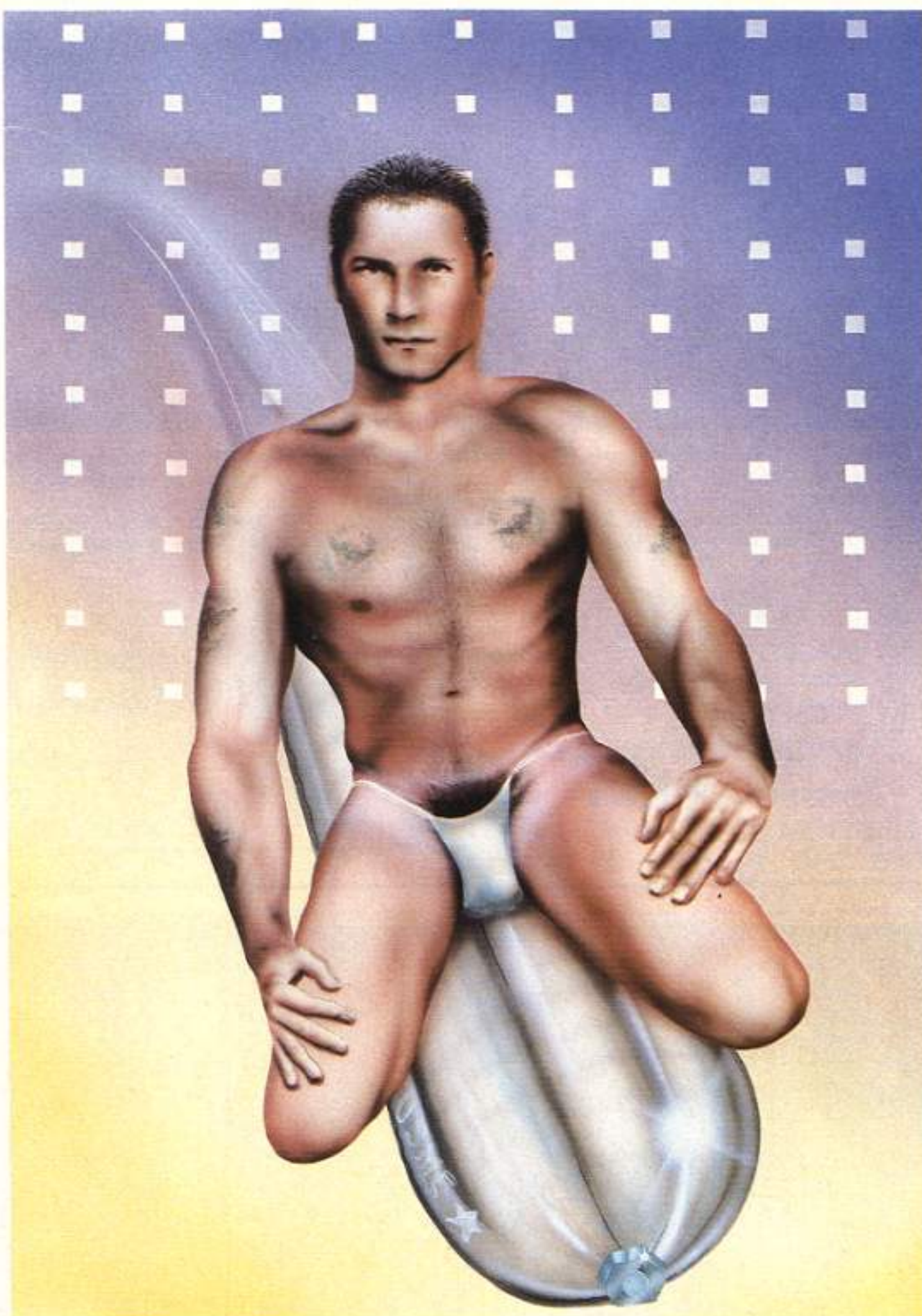
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shameless truth."**

—Boyd McDonald,  
Editor of *Meat*

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# HUNKS OF MEAT



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*The stories you are about to read are true. They are, in fact, letters sent to S.T.H.: The Manhattan Review of Unnatural Acts, a pamphlet journal devoted solely to letters in which subscribers detail their sexual experiences. Though these men are not professional writers and often resort to using the worn vocabulary of gay-sex clichés to describe their encounters, their letters have an overwhelming authority and authenticity. So much so that Gore Vidal has called S.T.H. "one of the best radical papers in the country." The following are excerpts from Meat, an anthology of S.T.H.'s most intimate accounts. Accompanying them are illustrations by Mark O., executed exclusively for IN TOUCH.*

**ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY MARK O.**

---

## The Marines

I'd like to make a few comments on sex in the Marines. Granted, there are Marines who just enjoy getting their

cocks sucked. However, how's about them that also enjoy sucking and those that throw their legs up after you've rimmed them out good and pant, "Fuck me, man, fuck me."

For me it all goes back to a Marine M/Sgt. who swooped me up out of the park one afternoon and brought me out—but good. I'd been in on beaucoup sucking and fucking before but that was plain animal stuff compared to the expertise and finesse this guy had.

The Marines also had a rifle range atop the cliff at the bareass beach we hung out at. We had a real thing going there while it lasted. Seeing as how the Marines didn't venture down off their perch till daylight was waning we'd arrive late in the afternoon with beer. We always thought they had a lookout posted. No sooner did we



get the beer buried in the cool, wet sand and get a low fire going than they began to trickle down for beer and sex.

Granted, most of them just enjoyed the beer and getting their cocks sucked but there were enough of them to sneak off down behind the rocks and do some sucking of their own, and not just with us either. Always bugged hell out of me that the fuck scene was out; sand in the KY can be murderous.

Out in Honolulu a friend of mine held open house damn near every weekend. The guests were 10-to-1 Marines—trade, bi, and/or otherwise. It's high treason for an ex-swab jockey to come up with but although the swabbies had the reputation of being all that sexy it was the Marines who always put their cock where *your* mouth or *your* ass was. If some dude says he's Navy I think so what but if he's USMC my interest is generated no end. Since they all wear civvies coming to the San Diego baths you're not sure. Wrapped in nothing but a towel you know even less. But from their short haircuts, you can bet that a lot of the hot, horny, hung studs there to get sucked or fuck themselves out are leather-necks.

"How about servicing this for me, buddy?" he asked. I'm a full fledged cocksucker, which he apparently sensed, but I was surprised at his boldness. But thrilled also. But since he was a cop I was somewhat leery. He noticed my uneasiness and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Sorry if I was mistaken about you, kid. It gets kind of lonesome out here at night and I really could dig a good blow job." Then he released my hand, which he'd been holding in front of his groin.

But I couldn't deny this trooper his desire—especially since he had gumption enough to ask me. So I reached down between his legs and rubbed his swollen cock. I'll never forget the gorgeous smile he gave as he happily told me to get in the front of his car.

When he turned down the volume of his police radio I noticed he was wearing a wedding band. He said he didn't suck cock but loved the hot mouth of a cocksucker, male or female. He made it clear it was to be a one-way deal and was courteous enough to ask if this would be O.K. with me. I told him he'd had me figured out right from the beginning and that I'd love to nurse his cock for him.

He unfastened his gun belt and tossed it into the back seat, then unzipped his fly. I pulled out one of the most beautiful circumcised cocks I've ever seen—long, plump, and scrumptious. He raised his ass so I could get his nuts out through the opening in his boxer shorts too.

"It's all yours, kid," he said with a laugh. He spread his legs and leaned back to enjoy it. I kissed his big nuts, licked the juice off the head of his cock, and soon was feverishly sucking on his whole cock. He must have set out that night to entice a fastidious cocksucker because I smelled

baby powder on his nuts and dick.

At no time while I was feeding myself on his delicious cock did he show any disrespect or use any profanity. He was no pig. But when he knew he was going to shoot his wad soon I did hear him say a few times, "That's it, buddy, suck it good." He was sure of himself and felt no need to cover any guilt in abuse, like most cops.

He rewarded me with a wad of thick, chunk-style come—the kind that an enthusiastic cocksucker like myself really enjoys. The handkerchief he'd pulled from his back pocket wasn't necessary to catch the overflow of come and avoid leaving "pecker tracks" on his uniform. I frantically swallowed every drop of his heavy load. But I did use his handkerchief to wipe dry his balls and cock for him. And when I asked him if I could "please" keep his handkerchief for jack off fantasies he just laughed and said, "Sure, why not."

Just before we broke up I thanked him once again—not only for changing my flat but also for letting me suck on his tasty cock. He smiled and said, "The pleasure was all mine, buddy. Thank you." A real sweet guy, as only those who are liberated can afford to be.

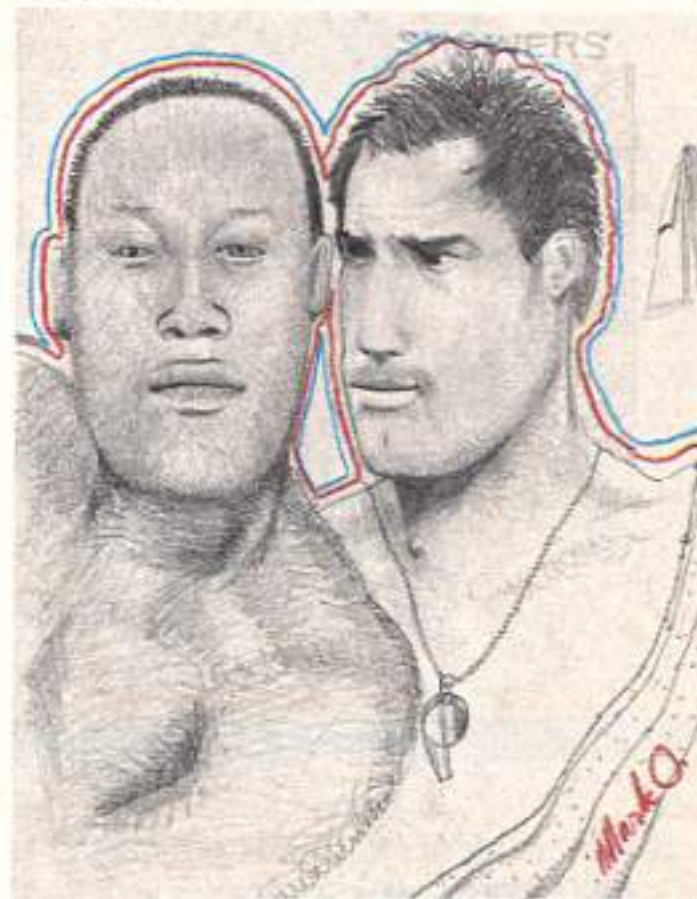
## The Newspaper Boy

I would like to submit a true story that happened to me, so help me. I and a friend were living together in a house on the edge of town to share expenses. Lee, my roommate, told me that he had subscribed to the local newspaper and it would be delivered daily. About a month later, when I had just arrived home from work, the doorbell rang. It was a good-looking, athletic boy who said his name was Steve and he was the paper boy. He was collecting for the paper. "You must be Lee's roommate," he said. "Do you two guys live here all by yourself?" I said yes. "Boy are you guys lucky. You can have whoever you want over whenever you want." I said, "Yes, we can." "I'll bet you have girls over all the time." "Well, we do have parties from time to time." "You probably think I'm too young to think about those things. You probably think I can't even get a hard on. Want to bet me a quarter I can't?" "Why not? Why don't you come in and we'll find out." Steve came in and took his paper bag off his shoulder. He immediately took his pants off. He had a pretty pink cut cock sticking straight out. Showing it made him horny as hell. "Wow," I said, "you sure *can* get a hard on. You must be really hot." He agreed and wanted to know if I knew any girls I could fix him up with. I said I might be able to find one for him. He said any girl, woman "or whatever" would do, he wasn't fussy. I said, "Well, if you're not too particular, would you like to do something now? I think I can fix your problem." He didn't hesitate—he just said, where's your bedroom. Shortly, we were in bed, naked. He wanted to see how big my cock was, hard. He found out after playing with it. I



slid down between his legs and took his hard rod in my mouth. He was delighted and moaned with joy. He said he was sure lucky to find someone who would help him like this. I lifted his legs and licked all around his sweet, tight little balls, licked on down to his little pink hole, cleaned all the delicious flavor off it and pried it open with the tip of my tongue. He was so relaxed I was able to stick my tongue in and out of his hole. He just moaned and wrapped his legs around my head. His smooth hairless thighs clenched my head. Then I went back to his cock and goaded him by slowly running my tongue all over its head. He was really in bad heat now. A little sucking and his sweet little wad of cum was mine to savor and swallow. We rested awhile. He assured me that was the best—most complete—blow job he'd ever had.

## The Coach at the Reform School



A Puerto Rican kid who had been at the Bordentown Reformatory told me that the 23-year-old swimming coach was raped by eight boys 14 to 16.



The incident took place when the coach discovered four boys in swimming trunks smoking a joint in the locker room. When he said he would report them, the 16-year-old who was black and very muscular & large for his age punched the coach & knocked him down. Dazed, he lay face down on the floor. The kid ran his bare foot over the guy's ass, which was tightly wrapped in brief trunks. He told me he looked at the other kids and just said, "Why not." They all got his meaning: they had participated in other gang bangs. He reached down & quickly yanked the guy's trunks down past his ass, locking his thighs together. The other kids stretched his arms out & held them. The black leader rubbed some spit on his cock & forced it through "two fine satin cheeks," as he later described them to me.

The coach started to struggle but the kid was hanging on his back. He started to moan & yell and they gagged him with a towel. The kid told me he fucked the man's ass like a piston, he was so excited at fucking a full-grown man rather than a kid. He said the guy's asshole popped when he pulled out, it was so tight.

With eight boys to subdue him, the coach stopped struggling and each kid had his turn in the guy's asshole. The kid who told me the story said it was really something seeing a skinny 14-year-old kid playing stud to the coach, shouting "Put a! Put a!" as his belly slapped against the guy's butt with each ram of his dick. The kid told me the coach really started to move his ass as he got hotter & hotter. When they were finished, one of the black kids who knew the coach had no case against them went up and ran his hand down the guy's chest and said, "Honey, you're not going to tell are you?" and the guy sort of blushed & mumbled "no" or something which gave him away in their eyes as a complete fairy—which one or two of the kids had always suspected.

When they saw how he acted they really moved in on him. The black kid told him to suck & he knelt & let the kid put his shitty cock fresh from his asshole into his mouth. By now all the kids were hard again & jerking off. They shot all over him except for the 14-year-old, who knelt behind the guy and started fucking him again.

After that, the swimming class became an orgy because the word spread and guys were feeling the coach up in the pool & then he'd disappear with one of them. He lasted a week before the staff caught on. He was fired. The kid who told me the story said the school was sure dis-

appointed since the coach had come out as a really super piece of ass and it was a thrill for them to be fucking an older guy & one of their keepers to boot.

## The Italian on the Subway



**W**hen I first went to New York the IRT subway was still using the old cars with vestibules at the ends. It wasn't long before I learned to stand in the vestibule riding into Manhattan to work each day. In the crowded vestibule, where little light from the single overhead bulb penetrated, you could "accidentally" bump your hand against the groins of the guys near you. Some would turn away, but a surprising number (at least I was surprised) would not only push their cocks back into your hand, but wriggle around so they could feel you up at the same time.

Particularly during the long ride under the East River, you might get a guy's fly open and really get a handful of meat. And occasionally—very occasionally—the whole group would be groping and somebody would go down on somebody else.

There was one really hot-looking Italian kid. I saw him several times and pretty soon I discovered that he not only liked being groped, he liked to grope back.

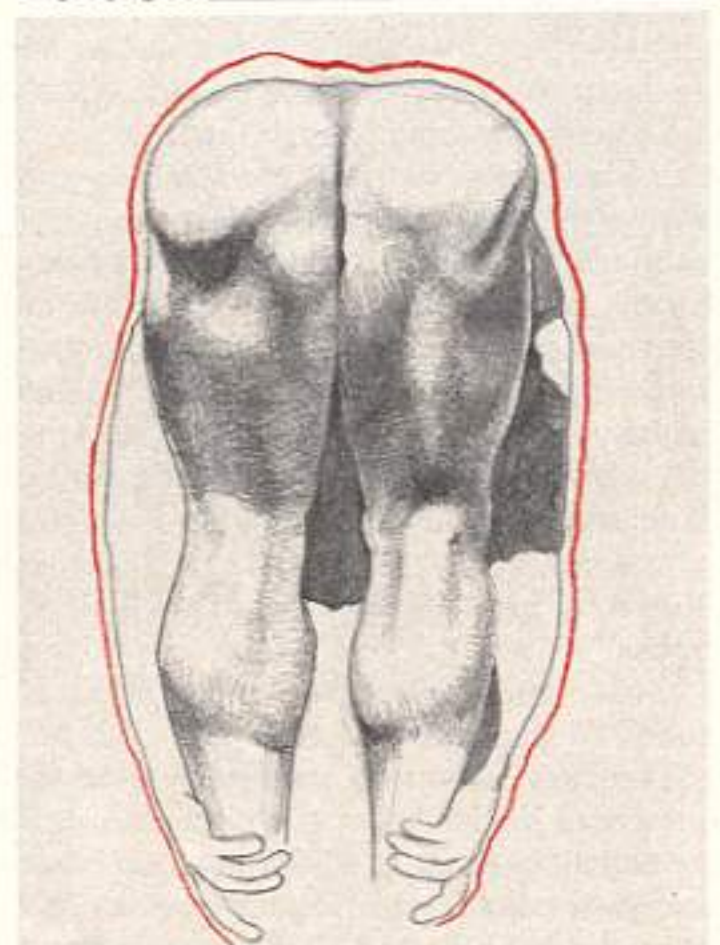
The last time I saw him was the best. It was obvious that my whole side of the vestibule was feeling each other up, and I wasted no time in getting my hands on this kid's meat. He was about 18, with a big cock. We were both up against the door and he could see that the guys next to us were playing with each other's cocks. So he let me pull down the zipper on his jeans without any hesitation. It was the first time I really had seen his cock and it was too much for me. Since I had nothing to fear from the guys around me I wormed my way down until I could get his cock in my mouth.

It was a hot morning and his groin was already a little sweaty, although he obviously had showered. His cock was the

kind that feels soft on the outside and hard as steel underneath—like a nightstick with a satin padding.

He shot his load almost at once, but I stayed down nursing out the last drops until I could feel the train beginning to slow down for the next stop. When I stood up he was grinning. As the train pulled into the station, he squeezed my arm. He was still grinning as he got off the car.

## The Marine at the Bus Station



**O**ne night, very late, I was cruising Penn Station and to my amazement I came across a partly drunk Marine. He had a body of a Greek God. He wore very tight jeans which showed off his crotch and his very beautiful fat ass. My mouth watered. I quickly began some small talk, and found out he was looking for a pros. So now at least I knew he wanted his cock sucked. So I told him I would love to suck his cock. He looked surprised and told me he was straight. But I pleaded with him. I told him I would do anything to have him. He asked me if I would drink his piss. I said yes. We went down to the lower level where there was no one. He stood up against the wall as I went down on him. I unclipped his dungarees. I found he was wearing a jock strap, which turned me on even more. He was very nervous until he felt my hot mouth take his whole cock. But what I really wanted was that fat ass, so I told him to turn around. He said for what. I told him, "I want to suck you ass." He turned around and I have never kissed or sucked an ass more beautiful than his. I asked him if he would like to go to a hotel room, and he said O.K. In the hotel room he fucked my mouth for about an hour and finally came. He then turned over on his belly and there was his beautiful fat round ass. I slowly began to kiss each cheek, then parted his cheeks and raised his ass by putting my arms under his legs. Now his ass was in my face. I sucked and kissed

*Meat is available for \$11 postpaid from Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140.*



and licked and made love to his ass for about four hours. Finally in the morning he told me he had to meet his girl. He said I am the only guy he let eat his asshole.

## The Gay Policeman



**W**hen I first made plainclothes, they put me with Jim, an older man, to gain experience. He broke me in in a Times Square subway about midnight, inside the porter's room, from where we could peer into the men's room. The uniformed patrolman assigned there was gay too. I found that out later when I had to save him from getting busted from the department. Anyhow, we'd watch all the cock-peekers and see the smart ones make with the eyes and make their deals away from the urinals. What my partner told me to watch for was a "fag," as he called it, who would fondle another man's "wang." My partner was a "straight" Catholic. When we saw we were going to have some action, we'd wait to see how far some stupid gay would go. They'd usually wait until the shithouse was empty, then wham, the hands would get busy on those cocks and they'd go into one of the open-doored toilets. Then my partner & I would tippy-toe out from our hiding place, throw the tin on them, and take them in hand. *In flagrante delicto* was usually a wide-eyed stare from a beautiful guy with a big cock in his mouth. We'd take him down the corridor to the 41st Street exit, where there was a closed change booth. I'd play the nice guy and my partner was the heavy. He'd take the cock-sucker into the booth and tell him he was going to be arrested while I interviewed the suckee. Many times we'd have ostensibly "straight," married guys with children, who'd plead with us not to arrest them, as it would not only ruin their marriages but ruin their careers as well. Being gay myself, I had great empathy for them. But I was assigned the job.

One night my man was a high class hairdresser with his own shop on Madison Avenue. My partner's was the chef in a

spaghetti parlor on 42nd Street. The hairdresser offered me \$100 to let him go. When the cook told my partner where he worked Jim said, "Yeah, you prick, you probably stick your prick in the meatballs and get off when you can't get down here to get your cock sucked," and hauled off and belted the guy. "For Christ sake, Jim" I say, "now we're going to have to bag these guys. This beauty wanted to give me a yard (\$100)." "A bill, eh," says Jim. "It's going to cost you more than a bill for this. Come on, let's call the wagon. Shit, I've eaten in this guy's place." Walking to the phone to call the wagon, the hairdresser wants to know how much more it's going to cost. I tell him my partner is crazy, can't stand fags. Me, I couldn't care less. To each his own. It's my job, man. Jim says, "My partner tells me you guys couldn't help yourself. He's too fucking soft-hearted. Let's see the money." We wind up in a friendly Eighth Avenue tavern.

I had 13 years in the Department before I had it up to here. It's the pits. Another one of my partners was called Boopsie. He was "straight" and God-fearing. There was a hotel on Eighth Avenue near the 18th Pct. where we used to hole up when we both got too bombed to operate. I used to undress him, put him in bed and suck him off, then turn him over and politely fuck him in the asshole. I want to write a novel that will help assuage the guilt so many men have because of their urge to suck cock. Or to put it much nicer, show their love & respect for their fellow man. I know it's right & I intend to prove it. According to statistics one of six is sexually oriented to males. I believe it may very well be a minimum of 50%, but most of them are afraid.

## The State Trooper



**W**hile returning home alone from visiting my sister in a Southern state last spring I discovered that I had a flat tire about 20 miles from nowhere in Tennessee. It was around mid-

night and raining like hell so I stayed in the car with just the emergency lights blinking until the rain let up a bit. While I was trying to assemble the jack, a trooper drove up with the caution light spinning on his roof. He remained in his patrol car a few minutes before he got out.

In his delightful Southern drawl he politely asked if he could be of any assistance. He was a handsome bastard, in a rugged sort of way. Tall and lean. Early 30s. After watching me try to get the handle connected to the jack he took it from my hand and without saying a word had the fucking flat changed in five minutes. He even tossed the flat into the trunk of my car.

He was friendly as hell and seemed reluctant to leave, making small talk about my being from Michigan, he having an uncle in Detroit, and so on. Finally I thanked him for changing the flat and he extended his hand for me to shake. "You're quite welcome," he said, with a grin. He grasped my hand tightly and gave it a hell of a squeeze. Then he brought it down in front of his groin, which caused me to notice that he had a hard on.

## The Sailor Who Was Straight



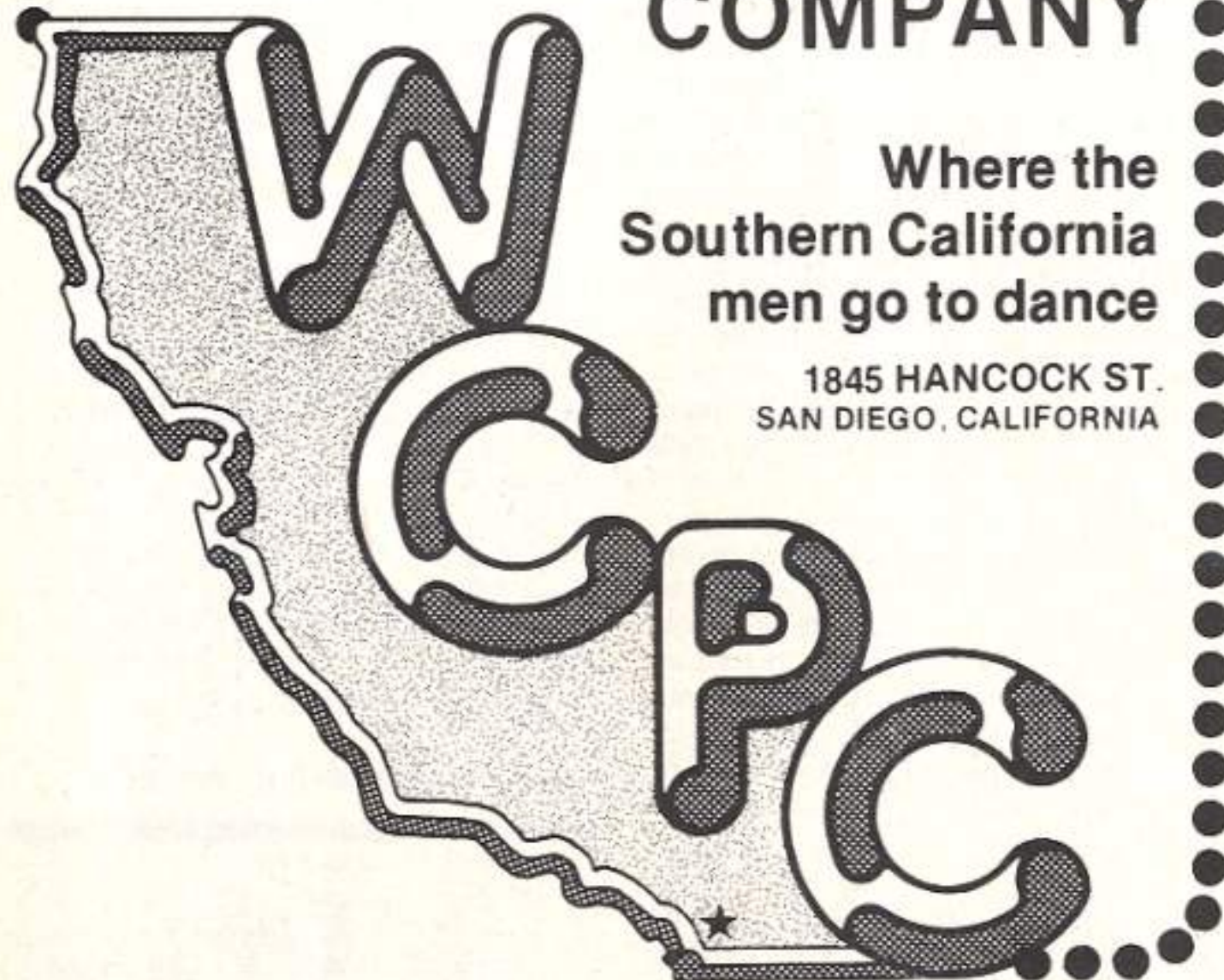
**A** young friend (24) in my hometown brought around a sailor he had picked up at Philadelphia's outdoor central city skating rink. The tar, named Freddie, was just released from the service. He was 19, had a great build, big-shouldered, well-defined pectorals, narrow waist, and husky legs with plenty of leg hair although he had only a small patch of pubic hair and no fuzz on his chest. Even his armpit hair was quite sparse. I went to the kitchen to fill their beer glasses and when I came back I found that my friend was sucking Freddie's cock. Freddie was sprawled out on a divan with his head thrown back, gasping pleurably. My friend divested Freddie of his pants; he was wearing no underpants. The blouse went up over his chest to reveal the taut nipples on that baby-smooth expanse of glistening chest. My mouth watered as I



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helped to pull the blouse off. My friend went to Freddie's balls and sucked and slobbered the whole groin area. The sailor had indicated he was "straight," but both my friend and I had heard that story before. His eyes were closed so I kissed his mouth after I got his blouse over his head. His mouth opened slowly. We exchanged saliva and I went down to his nipples and armpits and belly and all over his torso with my tongue. I reached down to push my friend gently aside and gently raised the sailor's solid legs until they were in the air. My friend knew what was expected of him. This was the sailor's first rim job and he went ape. He squirmed, murmured, oh'd and ah'd and lifted his hips to get more of my friend's tongue up his asshole. You could tell that he loved it. And why not. My friend is the best—and only other—rimmer in my home town.

### The Glory Hole Repairman



**S**aturday I discovered they had covered my glory at—. So Sunday I opened it again. It must have been closed quite some time because it was very quiet on Sunday.

After I opened it I disposed of the scrap iron and my tools and came back. In two hours I got to blow three to climax and a few others until they panicked and ran. I got done once.

I also visited my Turnpike glory. Still open. A well-hung guy with moustache came in, cut, 30s, gave me a fantastic blow job but wouldn't let me do him. Some people.

Last Sunday I went to — and some bastard had put a metal plate over my hole. Yesterday I went back with tools. But it was already off again when I got there.

The family business was originally sheet metal and roofing and I can make a hole in any partition if I can have a few minutes without being molested. I can describe how to do it, telling the necessary tools that will cost the price of a couple of trips to the baths and the rewards can be much greater in proportion to time, money, and effort.

There is a good store north of Philadelphia that has a cruisy men's room; I made



it more so. I put in a hole about 3" in diameter between the third and fourth booths. I did it then departed. Two hours later I returned to check and found it had been covered by a steel plate 4" in diameter, riveted on and painted. A week later I went back intending to pry it off but someone else as public spirited as I had already been there. It went like mad for a while and they put on a larger plate. Someone took it off too before I got to it. Then they put on a bigger cover which was "impossible" to remove. But I got it off and out of there and disposed of it. The glory hole still goes.

My glory at a mall near Philadelphia was very popular before they took the doors off the stalls.

I made three glories in the men's room of a department store downtown in Philadelphia. That place had so much action you had to make an appointment to get a space to stand in on the landing outside. It got so bad they locked it up. I had overdone it.

Going west, a Howard Johnson's on the Turnpike has a good glory that I built. They put an "impossible" cover on it and I removed it.

At one mall I did give up. They kept covering the glories and last time they welded them closed. That I can't repair.

The hole at another mall was crude. I fixed it.

One store men's room is good with a beautiful round hole, a classic, my best.

It helps to have a safe ally to assist in opening a new hole. One mall just opened up and I haven't been there yet. It's a coming attraction.

## The Cadet



At the end of my first year of teaching at — military academy, one of the few cadets who hadn't gone home yet stuck his head out of a window and shouted goodbye to me. He was a cute kid and I had admired his ass (my divorce was approaching rapidly that year!) when I had his English class during the regular instructor's illness. He never took intramural swimming in the nude, which I monitored during the winter, or I might have gotten a divorce earlier. Now I asked him what he was doing.

"Packing. What are you doin'?"

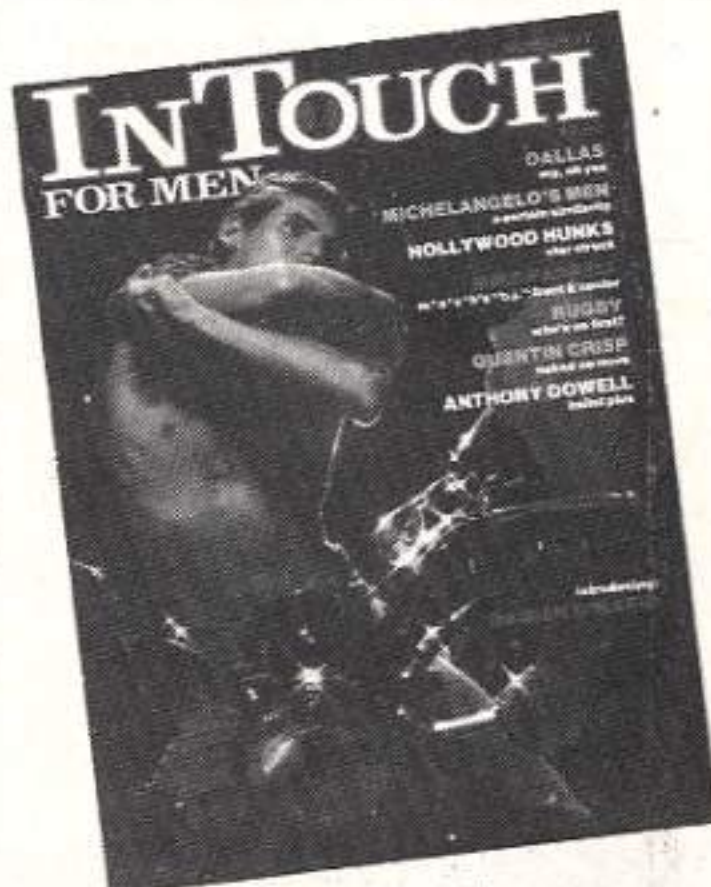
"Waiting for the faculty party."

"Come on up. You can watch me pack."

He was a brash youngster. He was at

(Continued on page 70)

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#42 (JULY/AUG.)  
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#43 (SEPT./OCT.)  
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#44 (NOV./DEC.)  
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#45 (JAN./FEB.)  
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#46 (MAR./APR.)  
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#47 (MAY/JUNE)  
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#48 (JULY/AUG.)  
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#49 (SEPT./OCT.)  
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#50 (NOV./DEC.)  
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#51 (JANUARY)  
Gay Rodeo in Reno, Best Chest in the West, Mark Hamill, Facelift—What Every Man Should Know, Caring for Leather, Gay Marine Reveals His "Favorite Things," Tom of Finland.

#52 (FEBRUARY)  
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#53 (MARCH)  
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#54 (APRIL)  
Chris Atkins, Sex Life of Tarzan, Sexercise, Hunks of "Meat," Rio—Cruising in Sex City, City Men in the Jungle, Jungle Men in the City, coverman Tony Hill, Tom of Finland.

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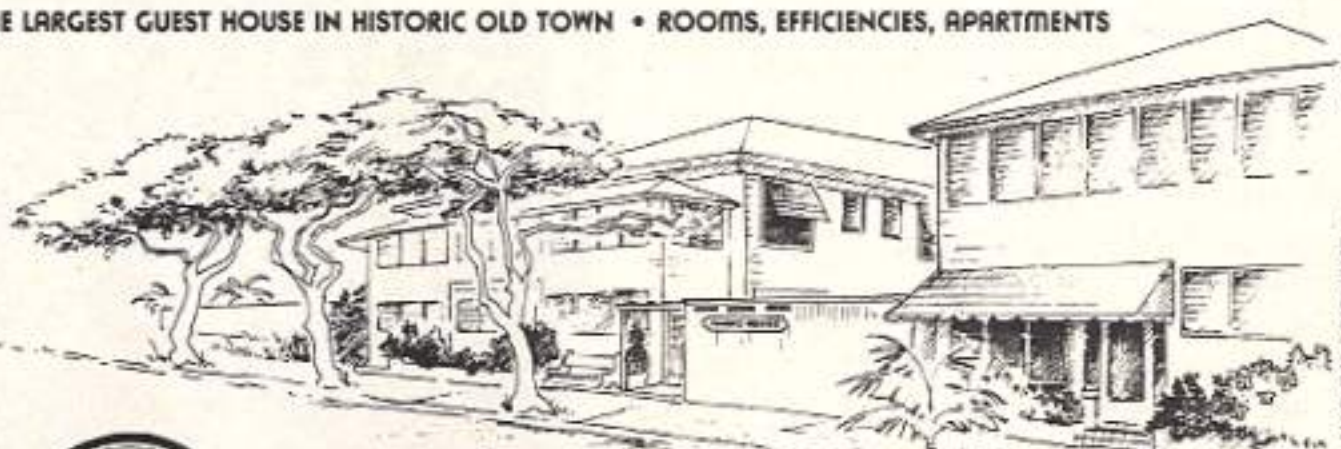
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# Rio!



## Cruising In Sex City

Text by  
Paul Kenner

Photos by  
Paulo Sergio Pestana

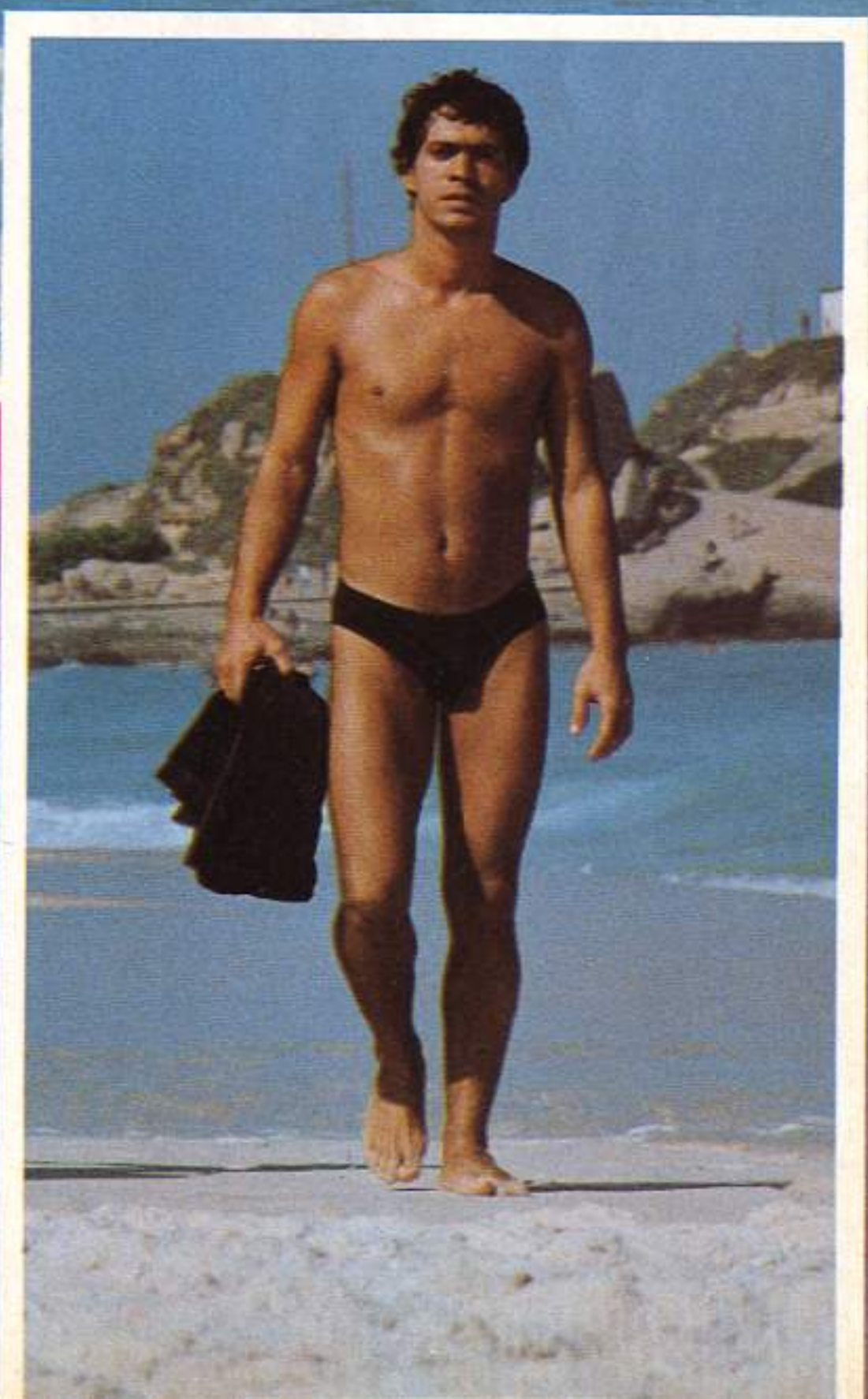
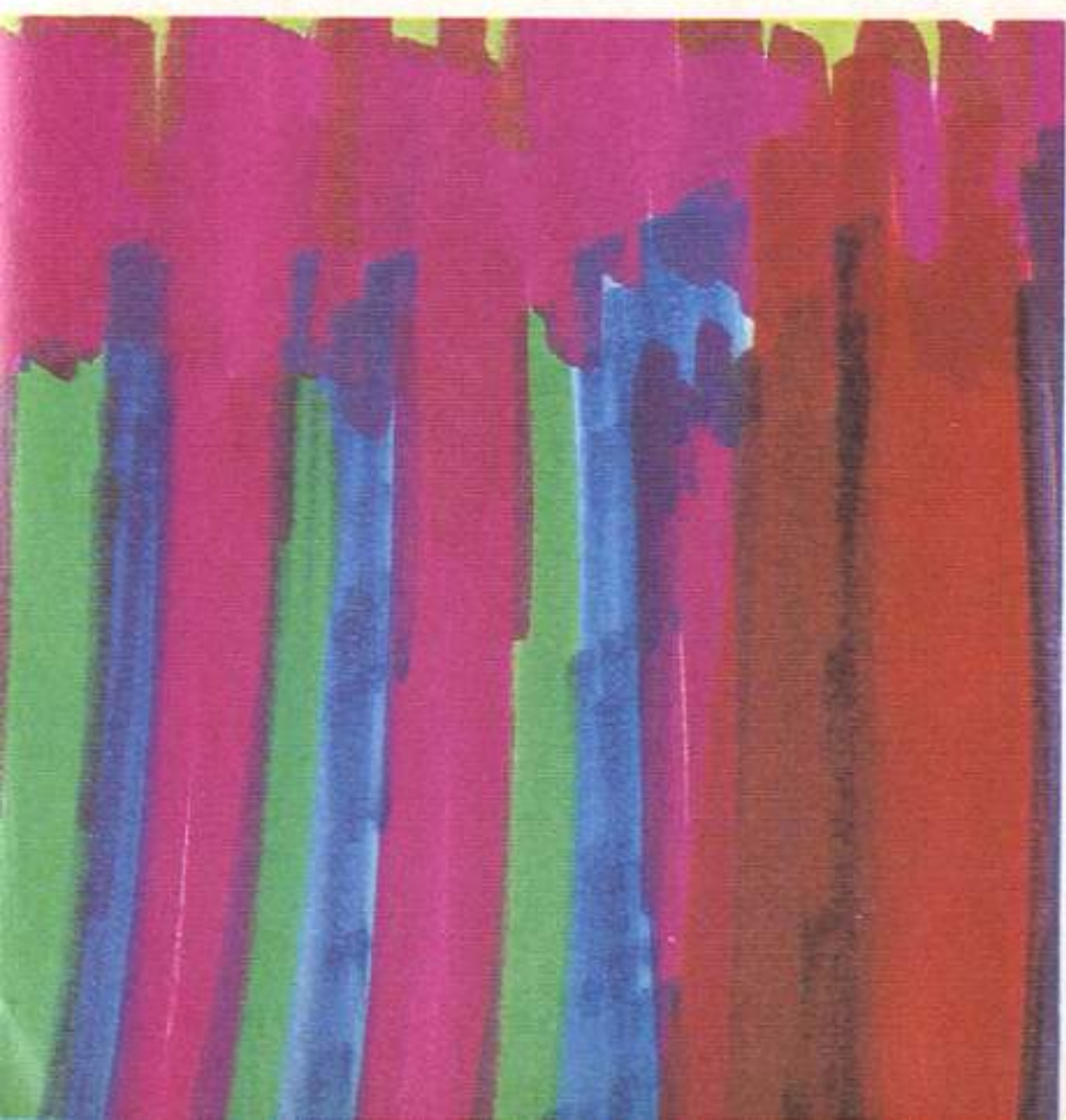
**B**reathtaking is the only word to describe Rio as you first circle over this magnificent city, shimmering by the glittering Guanabara Bay, watched over by the patient eyes of the colossal Christ that stands atop the Corcovado mountain.

Let me rectify some erroneous beliefs: There are no snakes or alligators to be found in Rio except as purses, shoes and suitcases. The water is portable. The gay life, while not as free as it is in the States, is flourishing; put another way, if you're looking for a man and you like to play bottom, you'll have no trouble in Rio. The sunshine alone gives everyone a noon-hour erection. Brazilian gays (estimated at a conservative 5 million—mostly in large cities such as Rio and especially Sao Paul which is considered the gay capital of Latin America) are more and more coming out of the closet. There is no police repression of homosexuals in Brazil, excepting an occasional roundup of transvestites who prostitute themselves. A gay move-



JERRY MILLS









ment is presently being organized under the name "Mundo Gay" (Gay World) and so far there are three monthly gay publications in circulation in the country's major cities.

In Rio, there are plenty of gay bars in the downtown area, which is just 15 minutes from the famous beaches where the boys from Ipanema, Copacabana, Botafogo, Flamengo turn their bodies into burnished gold. At the moment the most popular gay bars are Maxim's, the Alcapulco, the Zig-Zag and especially the famous Sotao at the Galeria Alaska which is, as its name implies, a gallery with boutiques, theaters, restaurants and nightclubs. All these bars feature fantastic disco, reasonably priced drinks, some fabulous lighting and unbelievably endowed hunks, many of them fresh from the ocean with their sectioned stomachs on display in the briefest of cover-ups from which you can easily deduce what they look like in their ultra-streamlined swim trunks. The briefest of briefs as well as string bikinis are in for boys and girls and going to any of the

sparkling beaches (the sand literally sparkles) and looking at those bodies—gold, fuzzy, uniformly small at the waist, super-large at the shoulders, crowned by massive swimmer pecs—well, it's enough to make you risk sunstroke!

Portuguese is the native tongue of Rio—and all Brazil—but if you know Spanish or have a little French up your sleeve, people will try to understand you. Cariocas, as the inhabitants of Rio are called (be they native or adopted), are known for their courtesy and hospitality, blessed as a group with dispositions as sunny as the environment they live in. It's beach weather virtually all year round, with temperatures varying between 70 and 105 degrees fahrenheit. Since Brazil is in the southern hemisphere, the four seasons are reversed and the hottest time of year is in January and February—perfect for anyone needing a break from the bleak pneumonia weather back home. Downtown hotels run between \$15 to \$75 a day (with breakfast included) during the height of the season.

Most people like to travel with a friend. Rio is one of those marvelous places where you can travel alone because so sexualized is everything, so glamorized are Americans that after a stroll on the beach or a visit to one of the gay bars—or maybe just a long look at that scrumptious young bellboy at your hotel—you will probably have an escort (or escorts) for the remainder of your stay!

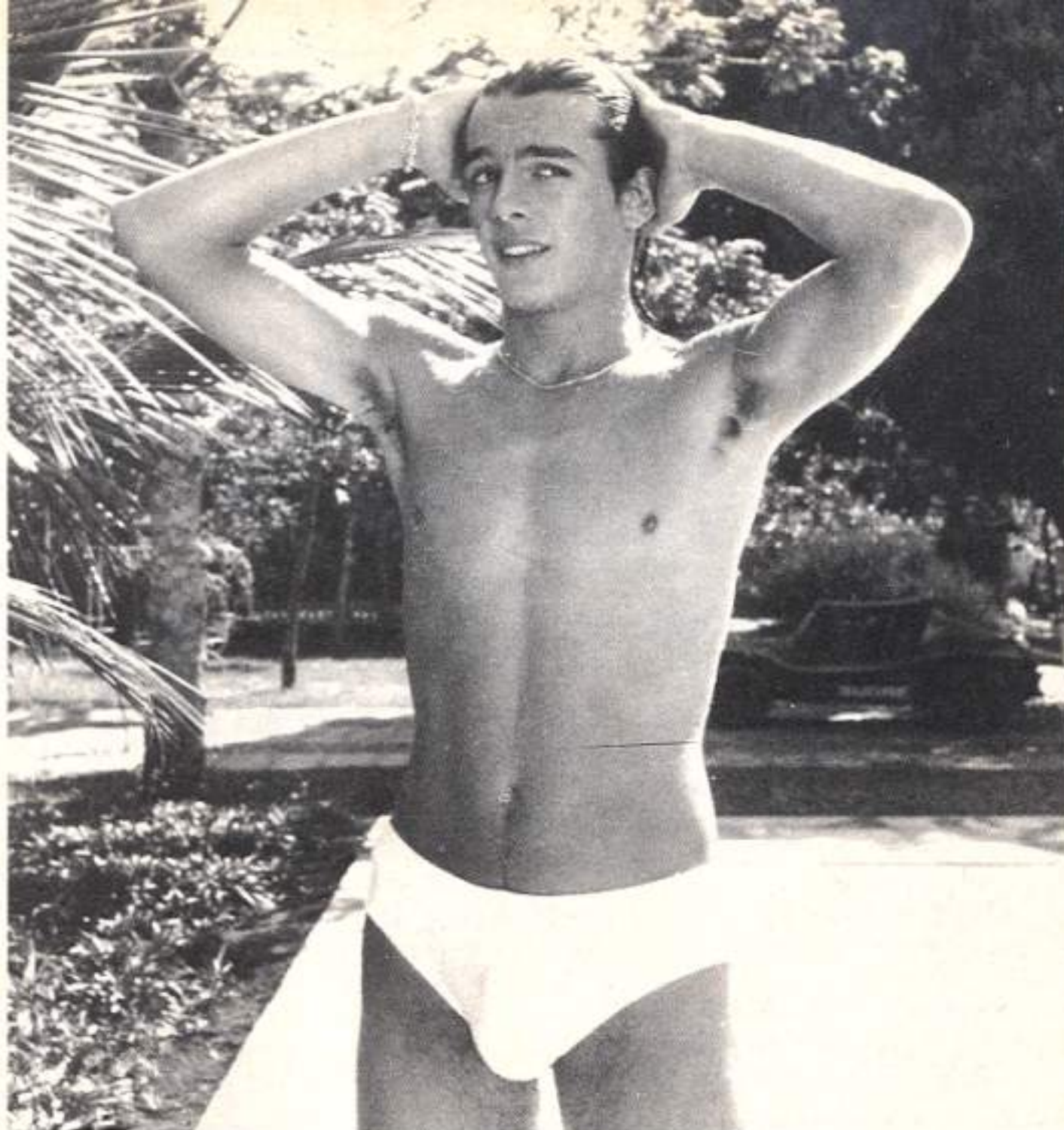
Everything is samba. You hear it no matter where you are, in the distance, on the beach, in the hills where the poor live in stick shacks more fitting to birds than these poor—and as a rule—stunning mulattos. Many are the 14, 15, 16-year-old Cariocas who see the rich tourists as their only ticket out of squalor and so go to meet them with a song on their lips and a samba in their hips and the prayer, often that they will find favor, be adopted by a rich foreigner, male or female, a widower perhaps or a single guy who owns his own flower shop in Indianapolis, rescued from an economy where the rich are very rich and the poor are miserable, brought up to



a standard of living that is more standard in less fantasy-oriented cities.

In general, the poor live for only Carnival, that is for four days out of a year containing 361 long, hungry ones. Months in advance, the poor work on their fantastic costumes, agreed on by their community which organizes itself into a "samba school," plotting in secrecy for what they will wear and how they will dance is a secret they must keep from all the other samba schools. Carnival begins at 12 noon on the Saturday before Ash Wednesday and for four days the city explodes into a Fellini-esque orgy of near-naked bodies, side-alley sex, drugs, food, color. In his book *Carnival in Rio*, Albert Goldman reports that during Carnival "the outlying beaches are covered with couples enjoying sex in the sand. On the nights of the great parades, the overwrought sambistas, kept waiting for hours in the dark streets before they 'go on,' relieve their feelings in erotic encounters that soon transform the asphalt into an extravagantly costumed tribal orgy." He sums up Rio's Carnival as the "ultimate fulfillment of William Blake's prophetic proverb, 'Exuberance is Beauty.'"

This is why the city's official anthem, performed quite often and which every tourist hears, is catchy samba march called "*Cidade Maravilhosa*"—"Marvelous City." The willingness of the golden Cariocas to jump into bed makes street



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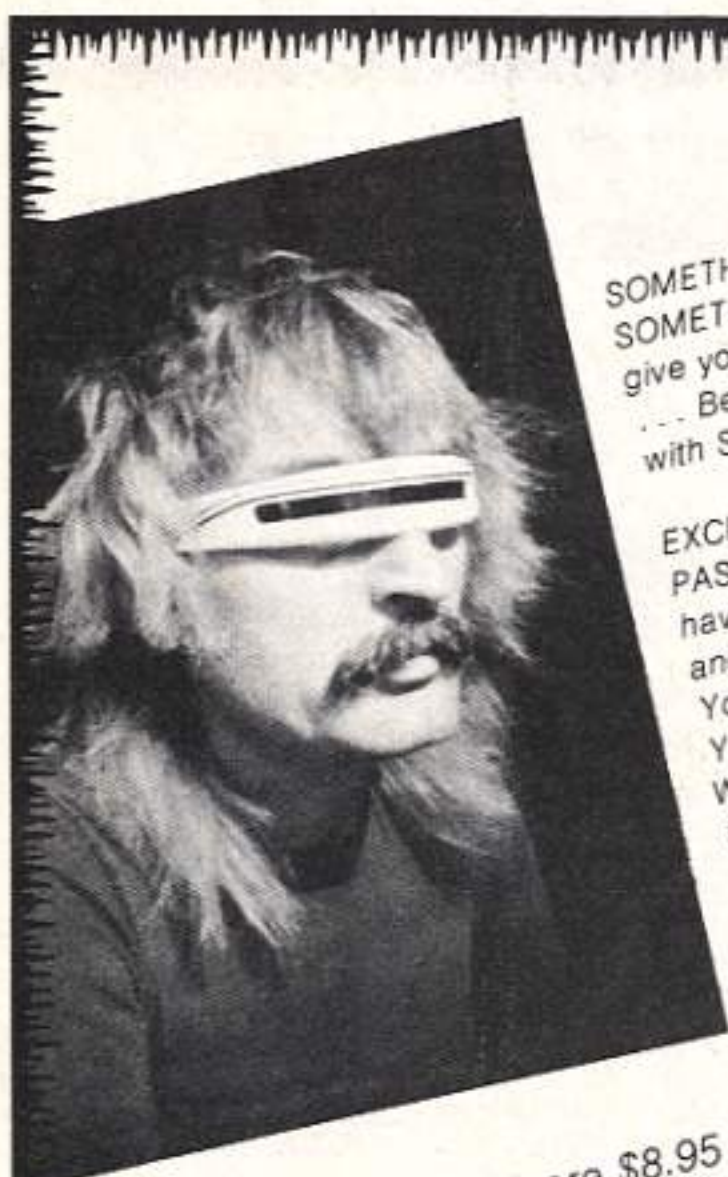


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cruising quite marvelous too. You find the most divergent types here. Rio, like Brazil, is a melting pot of races and creeds with expatriate Americans, Germans, Italians and Japanese predominating. And of course, the Portuguese who started it all. Still the Cariocas have a saying, "There is no white man in Rio who is all white and no black man who is all black." What ever their genetics, most everyone assumes a golden brown, the gift of the sun.

Cruising comes naturally anytime, anywhere and at any hour. The best locations are the beaches, the sidewalk cafes, Avenue Coapcabana and downtown where it all happens on the Cinelandia (Movieland) strip, an area of hotels, restaurants and movie theaters that give it its name. Brazilian censorship is much too Catholic to allow any male movie houses, but certain baths and saunas are known to the gay traveler who frequents Rio. The sauna at the Copacabana Palace Hotel, for instance, is legendary. The GB baths in the Copacabana beach area and Sauna Leblon in the Leblon beach area can offer fantastic rewards.

If you have the courage and disposition to do so (preferably not alone), heavy cruising of a truly international flavor takes place on the Praca Maua, where Rio's harbor begins. There you will meet sailors from the four corners of the world. The same "funky" atmosphere can be found in the downtown area called Lapa, which really consists of the back alleys of Cinelandia.

Rio is, straight or gay, one of the nakedest and sexed up cities anywhere. It may sound foolish, but an erotic happiness seems to pervade the air, as if, rich or poor, everybody is at least getting loved. The poor are not as poor here as they are in other places, for they have an indomitable optimism, the dream of Carnival to sustain them and the omnipresent heart-beat of the samba, lush and surging as sex itself.

Visit Rio de Janeiro at your own risk. You may just find that you have to wire your friends back home to send you the rest of your things as you settle in to become a golden Carioca. ■

Of all the sexes, boys are the  
most fun to love says Casimir  
Dukahz in his new book

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A Sequel to The Asbestos Diary

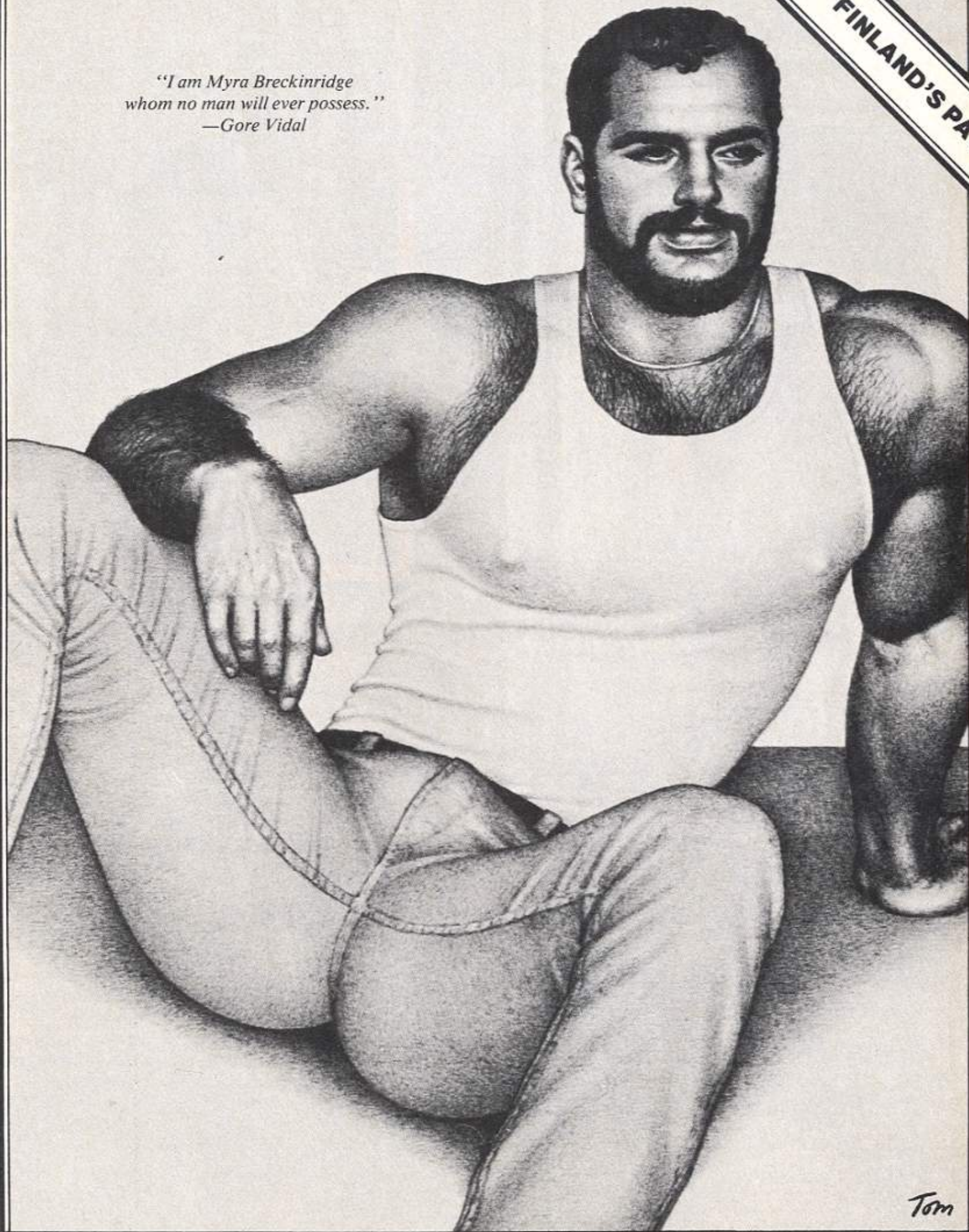


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*"I am Myra Breckinridge  
whom no man will ever possess."  
—Gore Vidal*

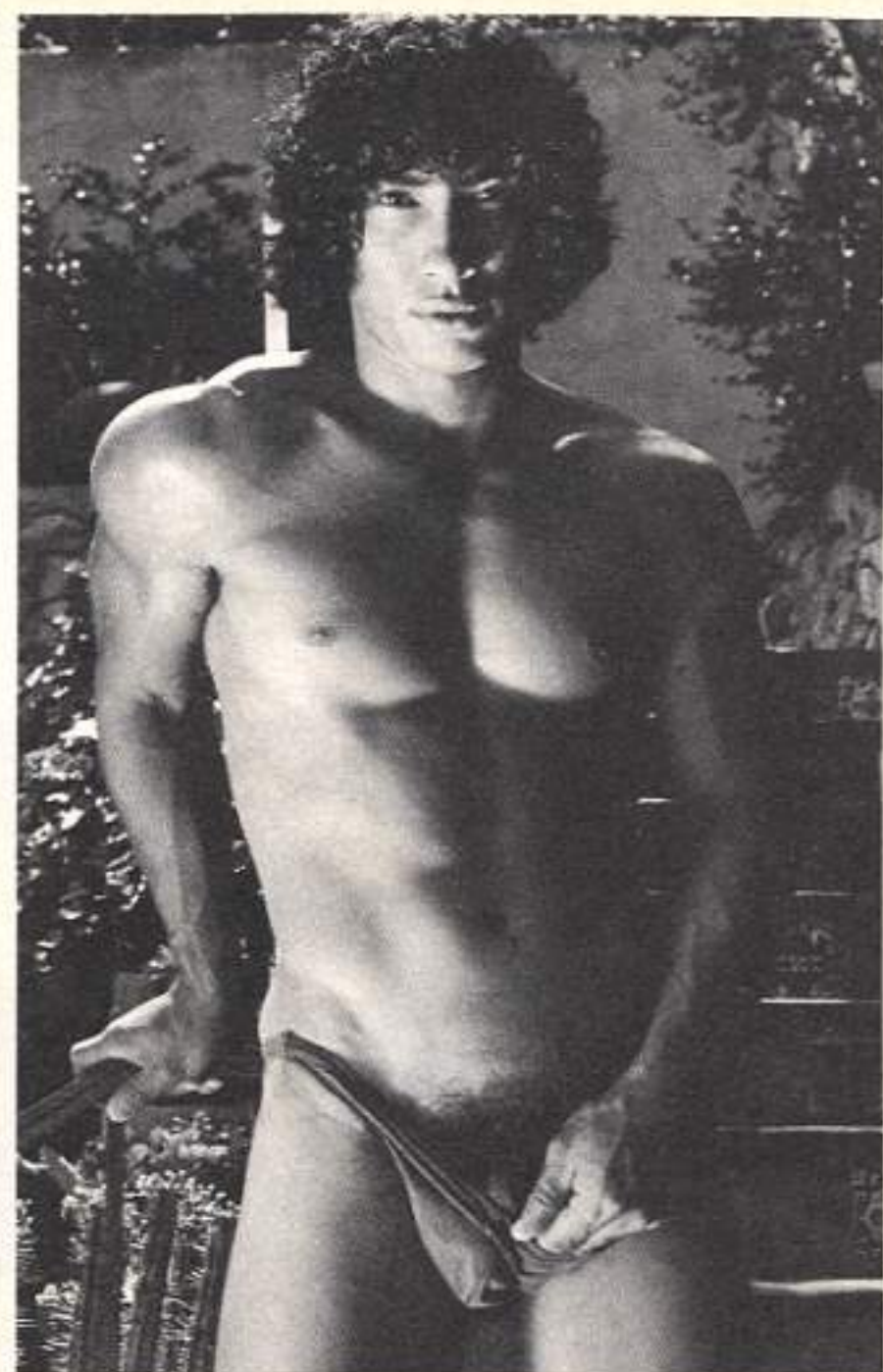


Tom



# TOMMY

His daddy can  
whup your daddy



He comes from Samoa and he calls his dick Daddy. "You like my Daddy?"

We like your Daddy.

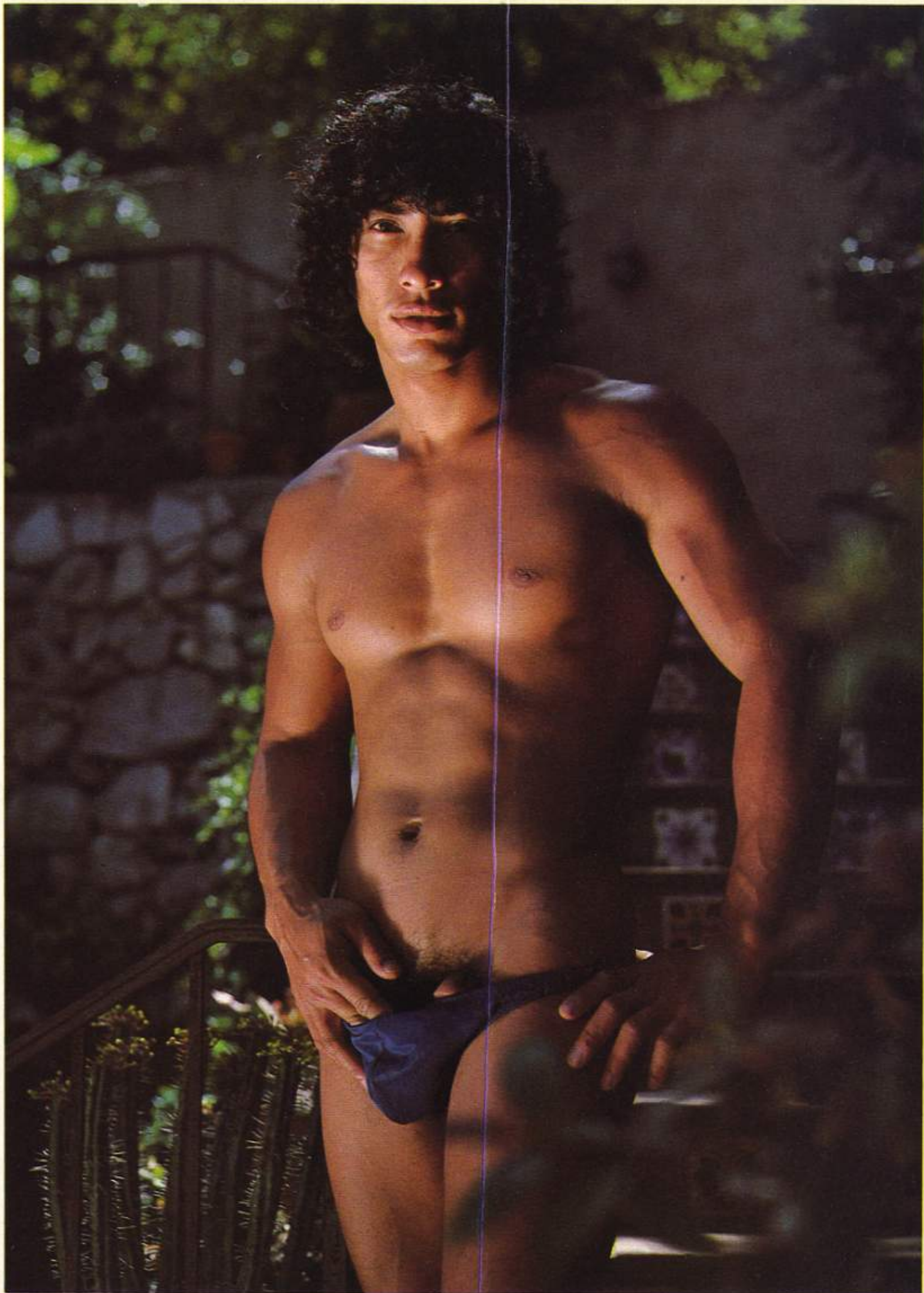
Tommy is simply one of the biggest people we ever saw. Maybe you might not think so—if you're a giant and graze the sky at six foot eight. Tommy is only six seven.

Tommy Valpoon comes from the jungles of Samoa, can catch fish with his hands and wants to be an actor. The stage name he has chosen is "Sean Breh." To which we say, yucch. Valpoon (rhymes with harpoon) is a sexy name, Tommy. Your name, in fact, is maybe the only thing about you we wouldn't want to fuck with.

Tommy is 20 (and enormous), a Libra dreamer, a stunning diver off high cliffs and able to leap tall people at a single bound. Oh and by the way, did we mention that he's enormous? His thighs are enormous, his buttocks are enormous, his pecs are enormous. But then it stands to reason. His daddy is enormous too.

Photos by  
BOB PARR





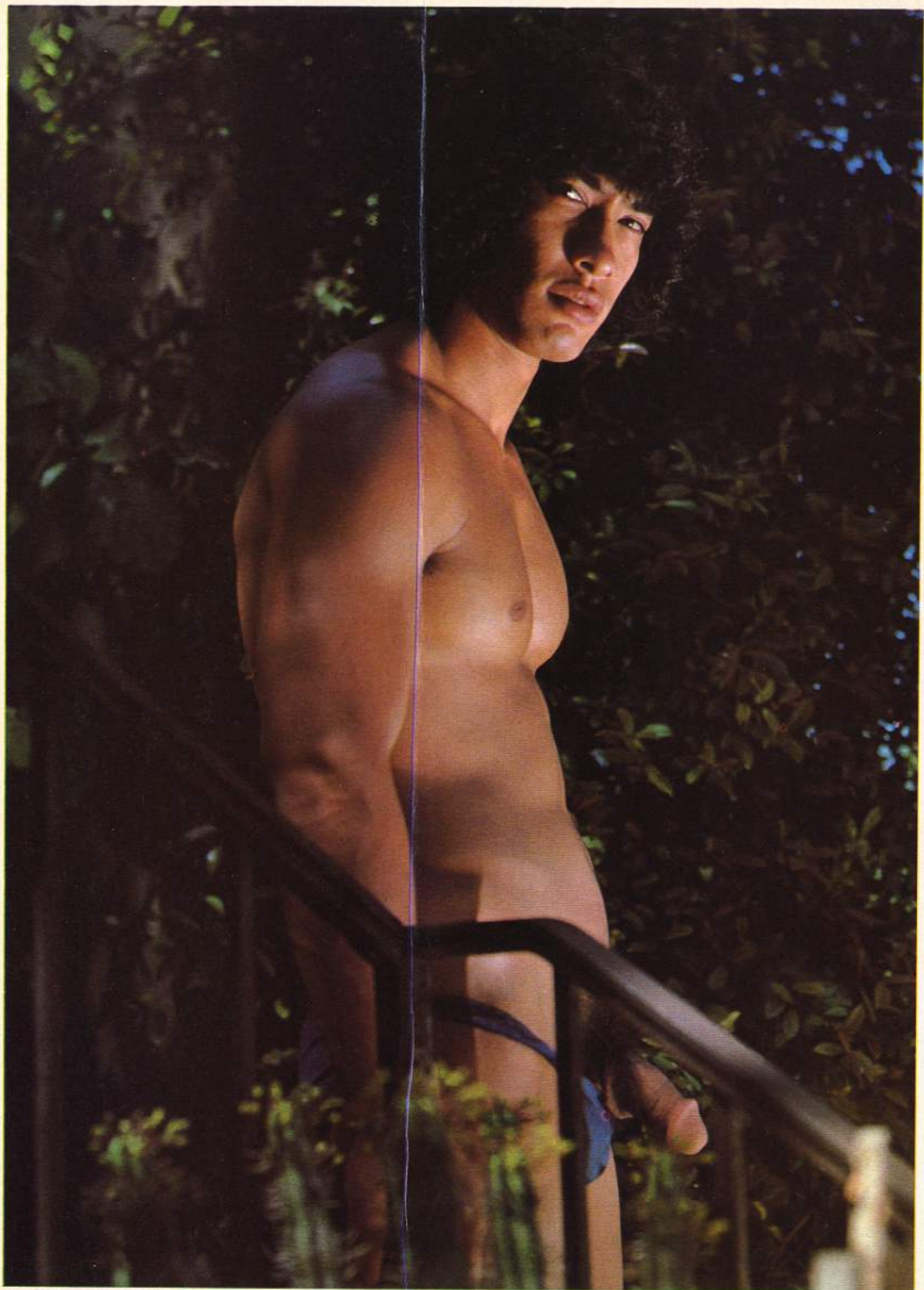






















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# TONY

*He's full of baloney*

---

Give this boy a baloney sandwich and you will see happiness on a bun. Give this boy baloney in the morning, baloney in the evening, baloney at suppertime and you will see an erection of affection you only thought possible in meat-packing magnates. Is this an April Fool's joke? Got a baloney slice handy? Hey, Tony, here boy.

Is that pretty or what?

Photos by TROY SAKON STUDIOS

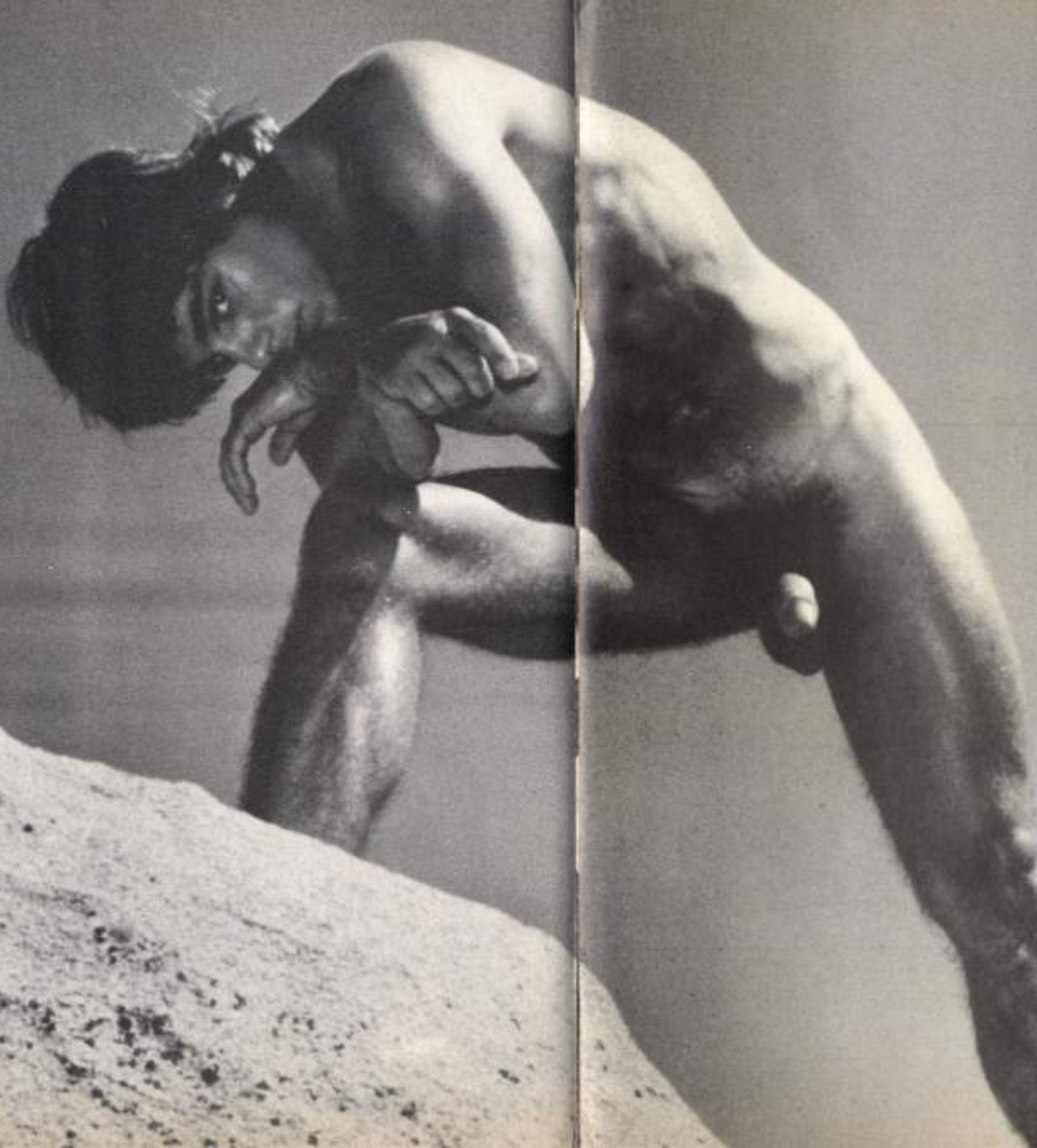
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O.K., O.K., April Fools is over. Here's the facts on Tony Hill: He's a tight 22, did underwater demolition in the Navy, is a Virgo (but "hates questions like that"), comes from Port St. Joe on the Gulf of Mexico ("That's in Alabama," he says without even a twang of Southern accent—but with a sound we'd place a bit closer to New Jersey) and he calls gay men "the gays" as in "Why don't you do pictures of me all in leather tying up a guy in a sling; the gays like that." We think Tony likes that. Slings? We prefer to picture Tony as a pure spirit beside a stream. (Now who's the fool?) One final note: The only relationship between Tony and baloney is . . . but you've come to your own conclusions on that already.



















# MICHAEL

He's a toll call

Telephone interview with Michael Bedard, 23:

ITFM: Hey is that hair dyed?

MIKE: Naw.

ITFM: It sure looks dyed in these pictures.

MIKE: It's not dyed.

ITFM: You're a surfer?

MIKE: Yeah.

ITFM: It's dyed.

MIKE: What the fuck!

ITFM: Profession?

MIKE: Gigolo. What else!

Photos by  
JOE TIFFENBACH

ITFM: Right. Likes?

MIKE: I like to dance.

ITFM: Why do you want to dance?

MIKE: Why do you want to live? (No, he didn't say that. Damn April Fools!)

ITFM: Anything else?

MIKE: Deep sea fishing when I can. Hiking, gardening.

ITFM: What's your favorite fish to catch?

MIKE: Barracuda.

ITFM: How about clothes?

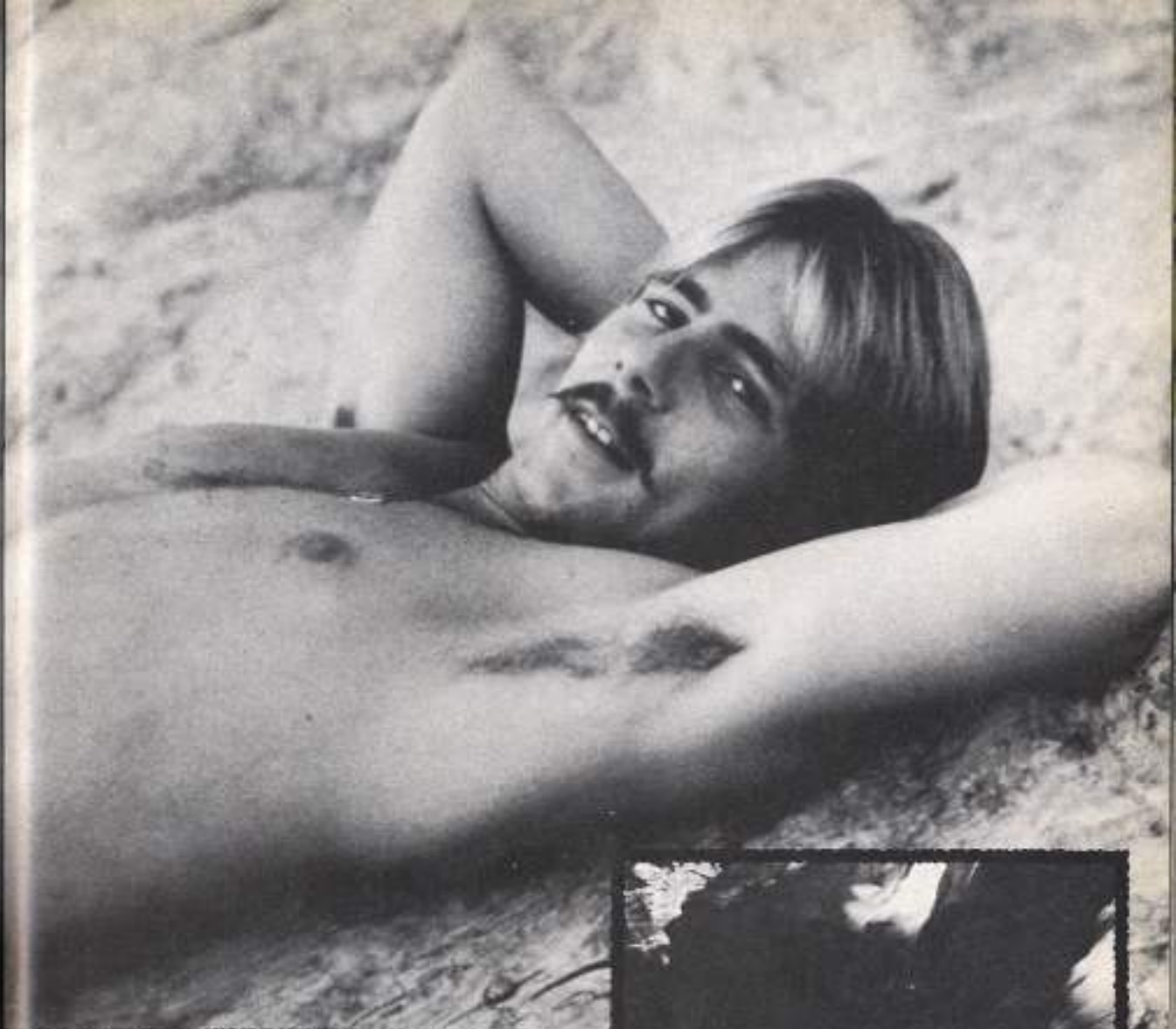
MIKE: Love them.







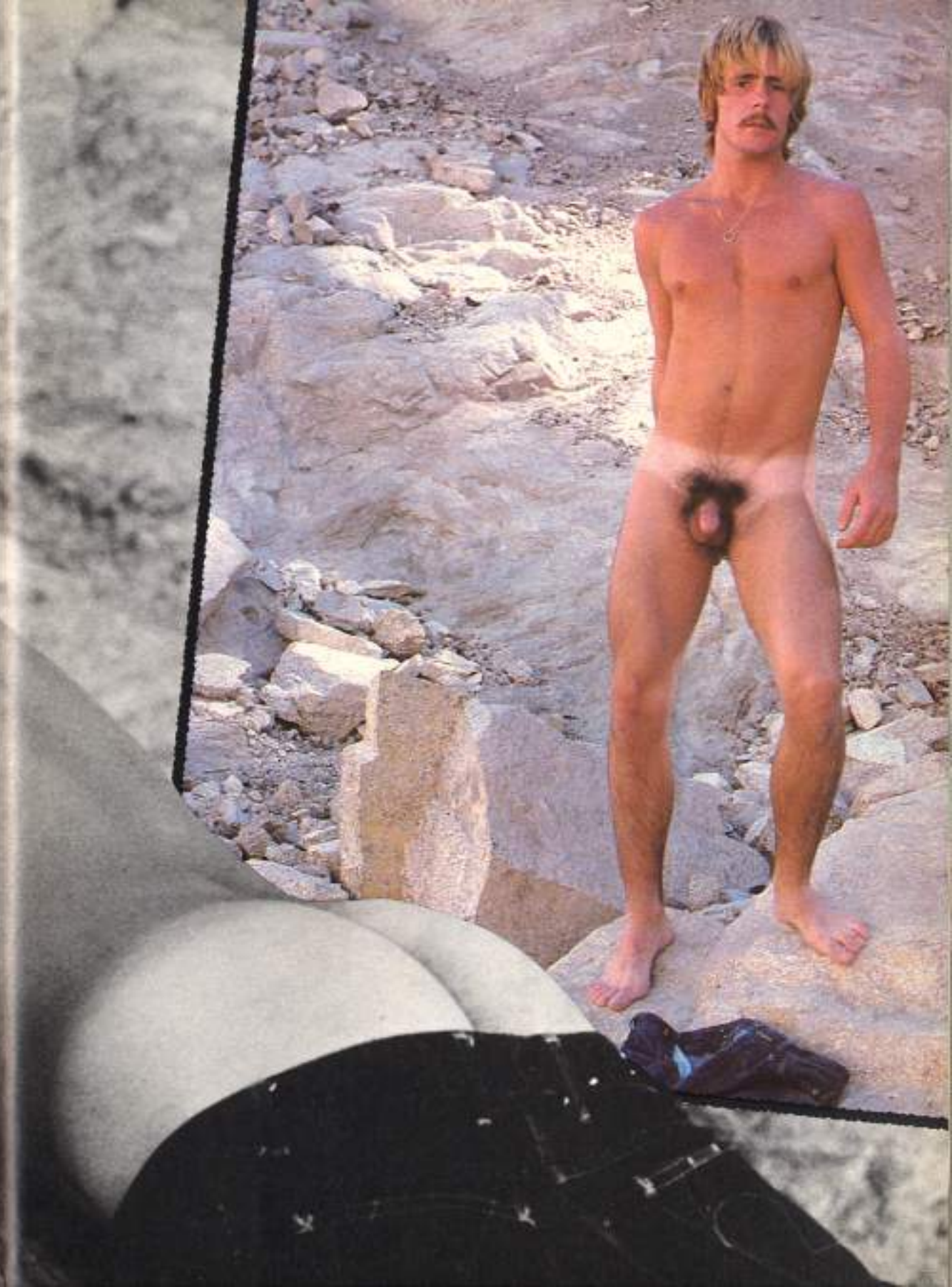
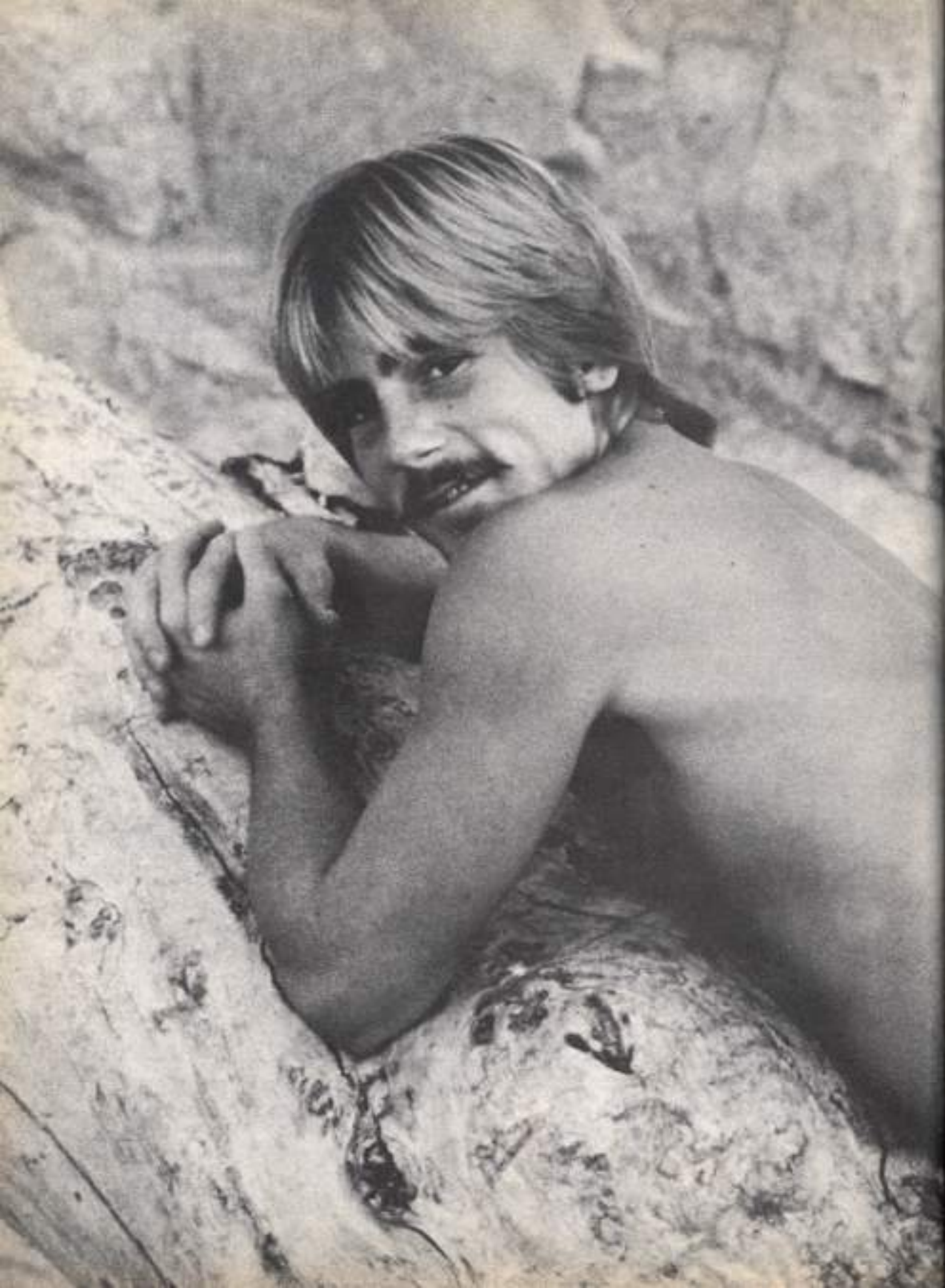
ITFM: How about taking it up the ass?  
MIKE: Huh?  
ITFM: Or in the face. You like it hard?  
MIKE: Hey...!  
ITFM: Just wanted to shake up the interview.  
MIKE: Shit, man.  
ITFM: Alright, sex: What's your favorite thing to do?  
MIKE: Get paid... I mean, get laid.  
ITFM: I think we got our story. Thanks.

















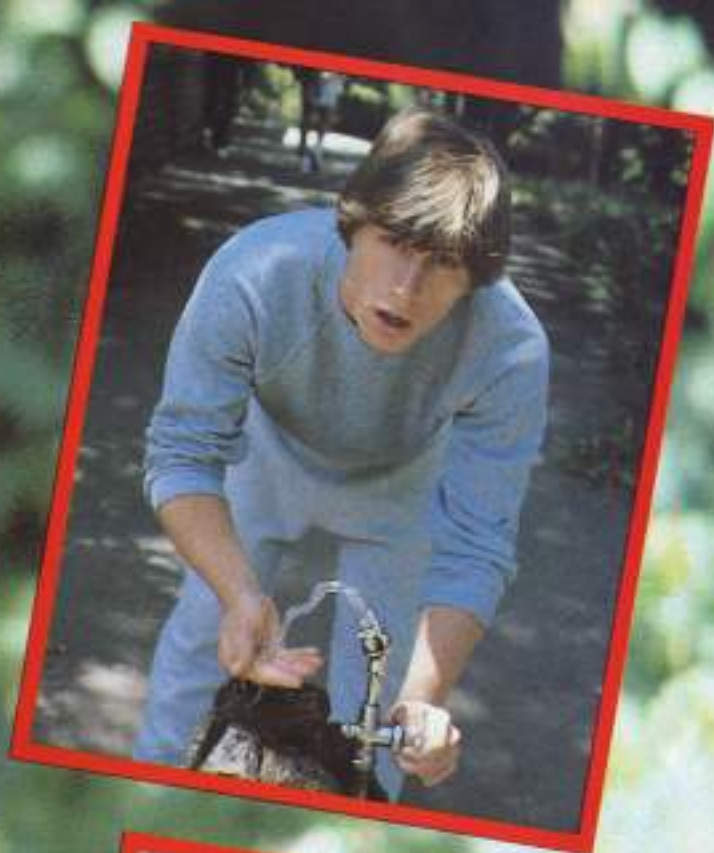
# BOB

**He eats the  
Breakfast of  
Champions  
(that's how  
he got so big)**

Bob Grimes was a Golden Gloves regional champ in West Virginia when he was 16, a peak age for Golden Gloves champs—as well as for other things. "I've been on my own since then," says Bob, 21. "I've been a truck driver, wrangler, ditch digger and a short-order cook." We'd say he's a tall order now, and wow can this boy cook! A Taurus ("with Scorpio rising, man; heavy") Bob is Dutch Irish and at the moment has landed in San Francisco, doing a variety of odd but colorful jobs, not the least of which is construction work. "San Francisco is wild, man. It's the only place I know where the construction workers are the people being whistled at!"

Bob is a little stubborn on a few points—he knows what he wants and won't let up till he gets it right now on the double—but he has a huge boyish charm that puts him over with everyone, winning him new friends and airline tickets. Bob likes to run every other day and often stops cars when he's toping through Golden Gate Park with his chest shining and the glory of his manhood swinging against salty sweat stains (he won't wear jocks). Bob is looking for a running companion ("who can keep my pace") and with whom he can share his Breakfast of Champions.

**Photos by  
D.J. GARRETT**





















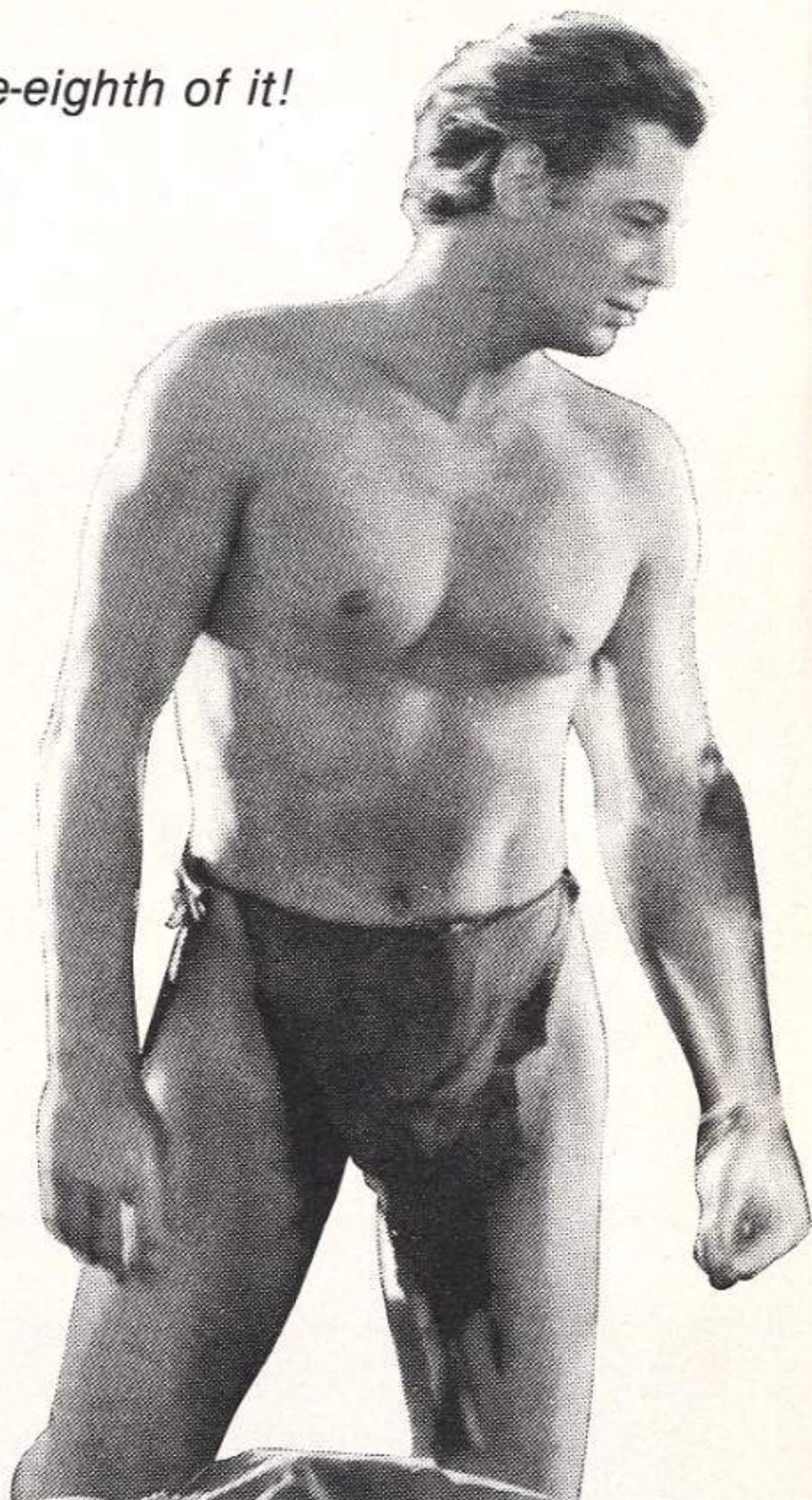
*Jane was just the half of it.  
In fact, Jane was just the one-eighth of it!*

**A**ccording to *Tarzan of the Apes*, America's favorite jungle boy was a castaway orphan raised by monkeys. He ran wild around African jungles strip-stark naked until he was a big-pec'd 19-year-old, eating live insects and raw, freshly killed animals. A few years later, he wore tuxedos to fancy Paris restaurants and dined on *escargo* and *filet mignon*—ordered, no doubt, very rare. He spoke no English, only a series of grunts but he was in reality, of course, a titled English lord.

In time he spoke not only impeccable English but impeccable French, impeccable German, impeccable Swahili. He was one of the most stunning humdingers ever to walk the earth, yet he grew up wishing he looked like a chimpanzee. The first human being he laid eyes on, he almost made a meal of. His first steady date was a cute little monkey (really) whose hairy gams drove him... well, ape. But he eventually settled down with a liberated (in the book, unlike the movies, she takes no shit) Baltimore blonde, the famous Jane, whom he conveniently found in a jungle cove.

But wait, isn't Tarzan that monosyllabic cornball who hollers his head off, considers as his closest confidant a chimp named Cheetah and lives in a tree-house with Jane without ever thinking that maybe he should throw her a fast, furious fuck once in awhile? (In the films, Boy was a child they found, not ever a child they made!)

Sure. But that's the difference between the real Tarzan and the reel Tarzan. The real Tarzan was the product of Edgar Rice Burroughs, a drifter, a failure and a jack of all trades who finally tried his hand at writing fantasy to feed his family in 1911. Burroughs sold the rights to several film companies—only to watch helplessly as his creation was corrupted, watered down and gimmicked out. Throughout its cinematic career the fabulous story of Tarzan—a complex study of man in the wild and the natural etiology of moral values—was reduced to juvenile jingles and comic-book plots. Hollywood tried its best to fill out the famous loincloth, recruiting quarterbacks, body-builders and Olympic swimmers, serving up plate after plate of beefcake—rare, medium, but seldom well-done. (Bo Derek plans to play Jane in a fourth—and probably fifth—remake, with the Ape Man played by *Paradise Alley* hump, Lee Canalito—see p.98).





Well, what the hell, the films are fun. But read the book. You won't find Cheetah, Boy, treehouses or the phrase "Me Tarzan; you Jane." You'll find instead an incredible story full of nudity, torture, cannibalism, bondage, bestiality and all that good stuff. You may even find yourself saying, this would make one hell of a movie!

The Tarzan whose sex life we are about to detail is not the Edgar Rice Burroughs character but the fantasy Ape Man that has come down to us in films, filtered through our perceptions, a creature as much of the movies as of our own imaginations. It is an article about *our* perceptions and feelings, not about the author's intentions. A careful, *personalized* viewing of these movies has yielded a gold mine of kink about this fantasy Tarzan's secret life. It just stands to reason. Having no manuals to guide him, no missionaries to confuse him and no Supreme Court to stop him, Tarzan was free to explore the wide, wide world of sex.

## BOY!

When Tarzan and Jane set up house, their neighbors, the pygmies, thought it mighty strange that the jungle man still pulled all-nighters with the apes and that the Tarzans had no kids. At which point Boy conveniently enters the picture, found, the couple said, in the ruins of a plane wreck . . . or was it under a cabbage leaf? In any case, Tarzan finally found the playmate he had never had. They dressed alike, talked alike, swung from vines alike and though they didn't wear alligator shirts, they occasionally wore alligators. Wherever Tarzan went, Boy was sure to follow. In fact, in the later cinematic adventures of Tarzan, Jane has apparently taken a powder but Boy remains, his pecs and biceps swelling up as he strains himself into a perfect beefcake replica of the man he loves.



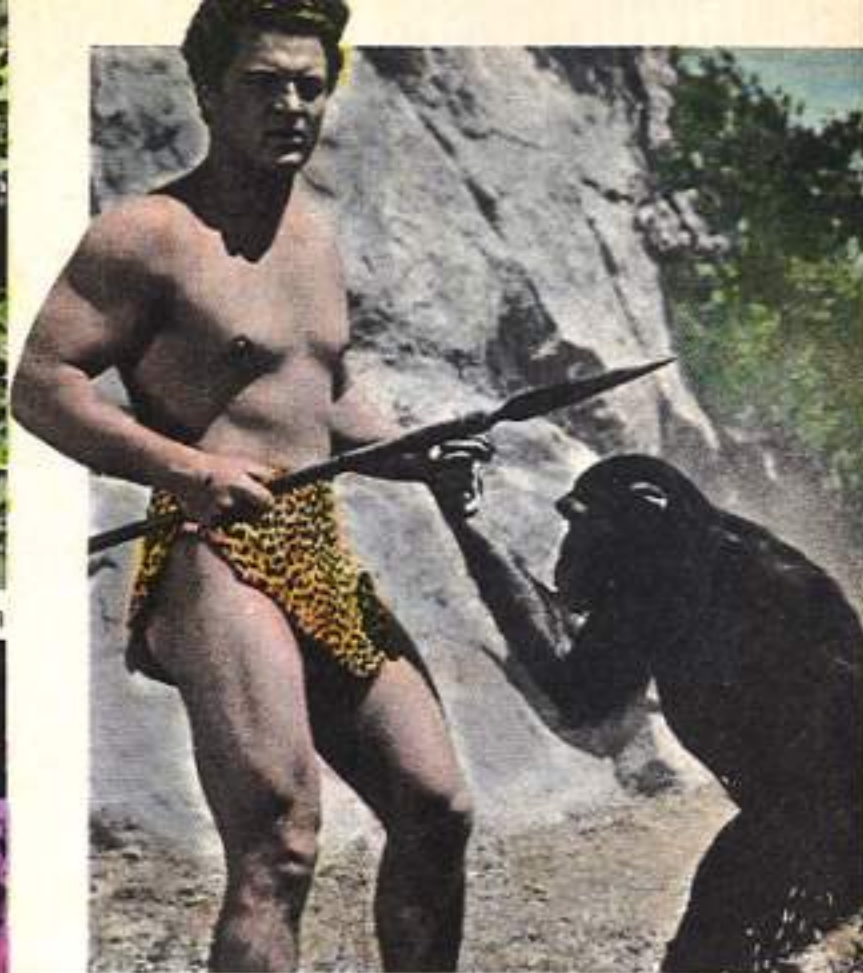
WAYS OF HOLDING BOY: The "PG" version



The "R" version



The "X" version



Boy, as he ripened on the vine. As you see, there were no ill effects from his life with Tarzan—except, of course, for the fact that at the age of 33 he still insisted people call him Boy, and also that for the rest of his life he would harbor an attraction for beautiful but cruel chimpanzees.



What could this photo *possibly* mean? What *exactly* were those kids getting into out there in the jungle? Male bonding? No, let's not even speculate. It would only encroach on a sweet mystery that is sweet precisely because it is mystery.





# BONDAGE!

THE MORNING AFTER:  
... and still ticking!



Tarzan liked roughing it, God knows. So maybe he got carried away a little. Got carried away a little with spears, got carried away a little with cages, ropes, guns, you name it. It's not known how Tarzan developed this particular taste but Jane claims he was never quite the same after his trip to New York.

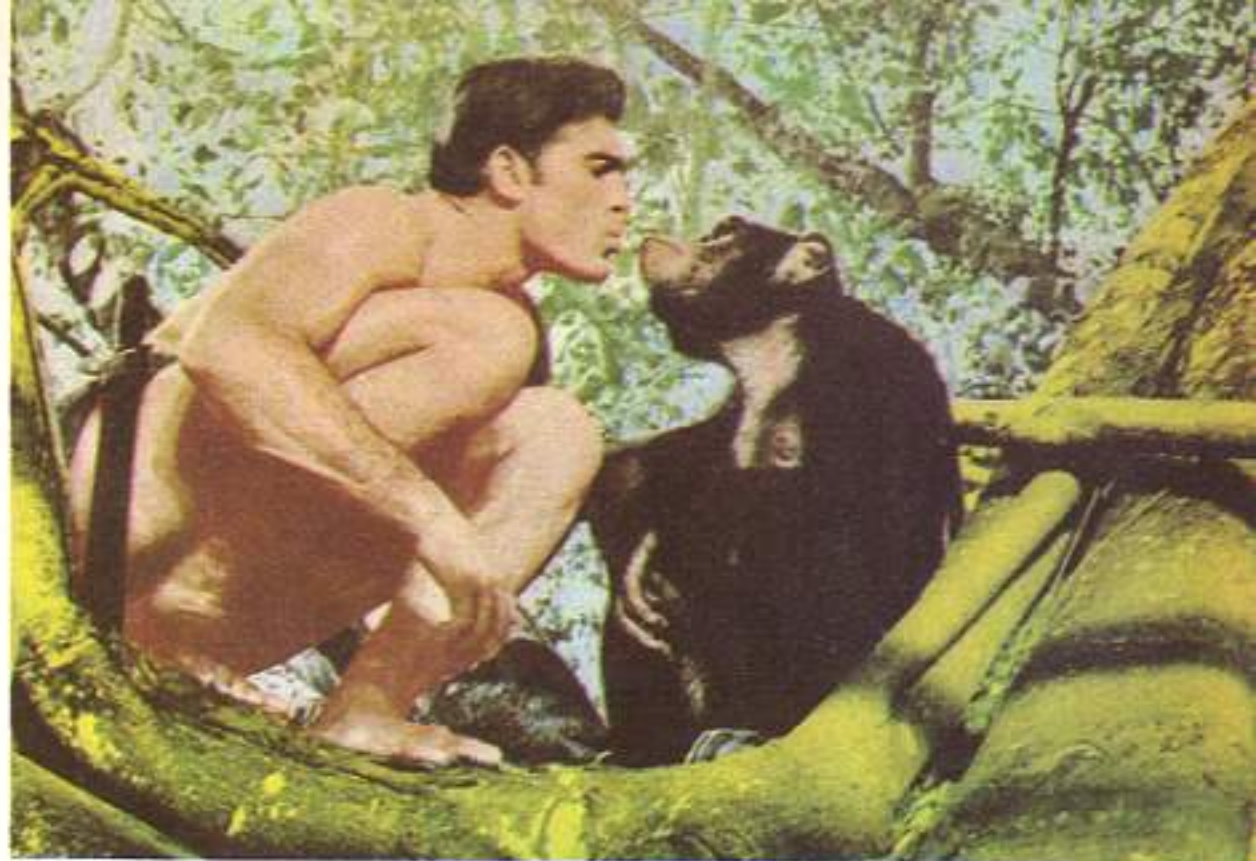




# "ME STARFUCKER."



A little known fact about Tarzan: he is the biggest groupie in the world. There is not one woman star who does not have a hysterical fan letter postmarked Botswana. It was always hard for Tarzan to get those Merman records in the jungle, so—(above) he got Merman! Ever one to spot a legend in the making, Tarzan (middle) poses with his favorite movie actress, Sharon Tate. Bottom, he goes overboard with the Supremes during that brief period in the Sixties when Diana Ross became a nun.



It starts with a kiss . . .

. . . then holding hands, a mutual primal scream . . .



Oh-oh! Cheetah's in love!

"Cheetah would really get excited whenever Johnny Weissmuller came on the set," reports Maureen O'Sullivan, the most famous Jane. "He just loved Johnny and would jump up and down and scream and get excited—physically. The trainer had to spray his male organ with black paint so it wouldn't show in the take."

## MUCH A DO ABOUT CHEETAH!

**TROUBLE IN THE TREEHOUSE:** Like all male intimates, Tarzan and Cheetah are given to the occasional fistfight. Here we see Cheetah really catching it for his little fling with that Moral Majority minister he met—just before the headhunters. Oh well, it was the minister's last monkeyshine. But Tarzan was so pissed he let himself be seen everywhere dancing with a certain Bengal tiger of ill repute. Cheetah's comment: a smug scratch under the arm.





# ASSORTED KINKOLOGY:



OH YES: Yes, yes, yes.



## NOT FUNNY, MR. T.:

Tarzan makes a tasteless joke to Brenda Joyce. She forces a smile through clenched teeth and wonders if maybe she should have stayed behind that counter at Penneys.



## HE'S FUNNY THAT WAY:

In one of the mini-est loincloths ever, Tarzan, with his chest wet and his spit welled up into a ball on the tip of his tongue, exhibits himself willfully before several Berkeley anthropologists whom he allows to buy him drinks, give him happy dust and look—but don't touch! That's Tarzan's kink.



**TARZAN WITHOUT JANE:** Tarzan ordered the inflatable sex doll, above, from a shop on the Left Bank in Paris. For a season Tarzan took her everywhere: rafting on the Botswana River (with Monique, the doll, as the raft), inflating her in public (much to the astonishment of the Jib Jib tribe, who were still working on the wheel) and squiring her around ruined temples (where Monique met her exploding demise; the culprit: a broken urn—broken by no less than our own little Cheetah, right over Monique's polyvinyl head.)





**AFRO-DISIAC:** Tarzan chews on a rhinoceros horn to make his legs hairy. The horn, however, has certain side effects: it makes his nipples hard, his testicles enlarge and his conversation quite interesting.



**MÈNAGE À CHEETAH:** There's that little queen, Cheetah, again. Tarzan can just never get into anything serious without the lovely, lovely Cheetah pushing himself in the middle. Why Tarzan stands for it is any psychiatrist's guess. Cheetah, at this point, can smell a camera at 60 paces and so turns around to flash a smile, deftly moving into his key light. Tarzan would be wise to take note. Cheetah's a pro. Cheetah's hard-core. When the time for memoirs come, it will be Cheetah who writes the *Mommie Dearest*.



**SO THIS IS THE FAMOUS GILDA:** Throughout the twelve, strange, torrid months of their affair, Tarzan insisted it was just an animal attraction. Gilda is now in the Screen Actor's Home, in a room once occupied by Mary Astor.

**WET DREAMS:** Left, Tarzan pretends he's asleep but gives himself away by flirting with his hand. Right, we see the telltale signs of the sleeper poseur. Note the angelic smile, the propped leg, the

hard-on. Tarzan knows his heroic strength may frighten off more fragile creatures—like lions, for instance—so he puts himself in this vulnerable position not to deceive but to make it easier for you to love

him. Some would call this kink; we will call it heaven. Good-night sweet prince of the jungle and may angels in leo-

pard skins sing thee to thy rest . . . or fulfillment, whichever comes first. ■■



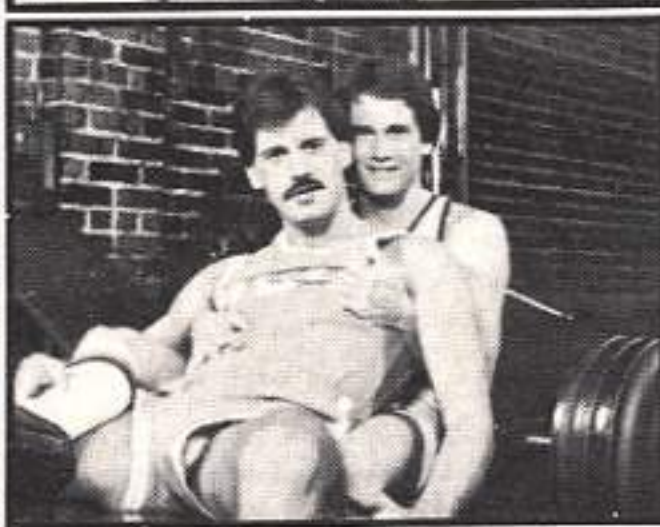


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## HUNKS OF MEAT

(Continued from page 31)

least one grade behind where he should be. A toughie, but with an angelic face. Not very bright, I guess, but very lovable. The few times I conducted his class, I never called on him for an answer and he never volunteered to give one.

When I strolled through his open door, he was leaning over a suitcase, his basketball shorts stretched tight across that young ass.

He smiled so beautifully and stripped off his tank top. "I guess I can't take that home." I didn't know a physique could be so beautiful at that age: his pectorals were amazingly well defined on his perfectly smooth, hairless chest. A few wisps of hair appeared under his arms when he raised them. The biceps were full for his 18 years and the thighs powerful. His hair was cut short—the military fashion at the time.

"You have a nice body for one so young," I said.

"Wish I was taller."

I told him he should be proud not to have any fat. He came and stood in front of me. "Feel them," he nearly commanded me as he pushed a bulging biceps in my face. I know my cock jumped. I wanted to lick his arm, but just felt it.

He abruptly asked, "Want a drink?"

This unnerved me as much as his biceps. A cadet with liquor! I brought all my sophistication to bear as I ignored the impropriety of it and asked, "What do you have?"

"Just some whiskey."

We each had two shots. My inhibitions were fleeing. I said, "Are those pectorals as tight as your biceps?"

"My what?"

"Your tits."

"Oh yeah, yeah." He came over and thrust his chest forward. This time I did not hesitate. Both hands went to his pecs.

"Beautiful," I said. I wanted to be forced to seduce him. Fuck the school, fuck the rules, fuck the hands off policy: this kid was too exciting.

My hands left little of his torso untouched. He was smiling and breathing heavy. "Turn around," I whispered. He obeyed immediately and I ransacked his back with my maniacal hands. I got bolder and grabbed at his ass through the thin shorts. I remember muttering something about "Beautiful ass ... firm ... solid ... small ..."

Then he shot out, "Wanna see it better?" He didn't wait for my answer, but slowly pushed down his pants, revealing the jockstrap, which I had noticed he was wearing, and the skin—so smooth and pinkish and very, very delectable.

I even slid my hand down the lovely, warm, dark crack. He twitched a little, but did not move away.

He turned around and I could see the typical and expected bulge in the pouch of



the elastic jock. I brought one hand up underneath the bulge. "You fill it well." He put a hand on my shoulder and said, "It's gonna bust out soon."

With his free hand he started to pull off the elastic contraption. I helped him. He kept his other hand on my shoulder. I was glad. It gave me the needed courage to continue.

It was beautiful. Five or six inches, not entirely hard, fairly thick. It was neatly circumcised and nestled in a fairly dense bush of curly brown hair. I massaged it slowly. He began to gyrate his hips a little.

"When did this come off last?"

"With my roommate last night. Our last time—for awhile, anyway." I had admired his roommate's long, slender cock in the swimming group. I asked how long his roommate's cock was. "It's longer than mine but not as big around."

"Did he ever suck you?"

"No."

I immediately took it in my mouth, all the way to the curls. He groaned loudly. "Oh shit, that's great. I see what they mean now." He started heaving his body and saying, "Great! Great!"

I stopped for a moment and looked up at him. "You like it?" "Do I? Shit! It's the best yet. I've never had this done to me before."

"And I've never suck a cock like this before." I wasn't sure what I meant. I was not entirely "out" then and had only

sucked a few cocks of my peers. I never let any of them shoot in my mouth. But I wanted this load.

He grabbed me traditionally by the ears and pushed his cock in my mouth. "Will ya take it? Will ya?" he was screaming. I knew he wanted me to and I wanted it just as badly. He pulled his prick out of my mouth, to my amazement, and said, "If you don't want to take it, tell me now." I answered by sucking him off. His sweet, sweet cum poured and poured into my hot, eager, and oh, so willing mouth.

He lay on the bed and asked me to join him. He unbuttoned my shirt and noted that I had hair on my chest. He wanted hair at that time. Seeing the trail of hair from my navel down, he unfastened my belt.

He looked at me and smiled. "You're hard too."

He jerked me off and just tasted the tip of my cock to see what it was like. "Maybe next time," he said. I sucked him off again before I left to join my wife. I also got a finger up his asshole this time. He squirmed. He let me kiss him goodbye. He smiled and said thanks as I left.

He did not return in the fall but he wrote me and we spent Thanksgiving in NYC; my wife and I had separated. Those three days in New York were beautiful... His family moved and I never got a forwarding address. Since the academy did not consider him an alumnus, they do not have his address.

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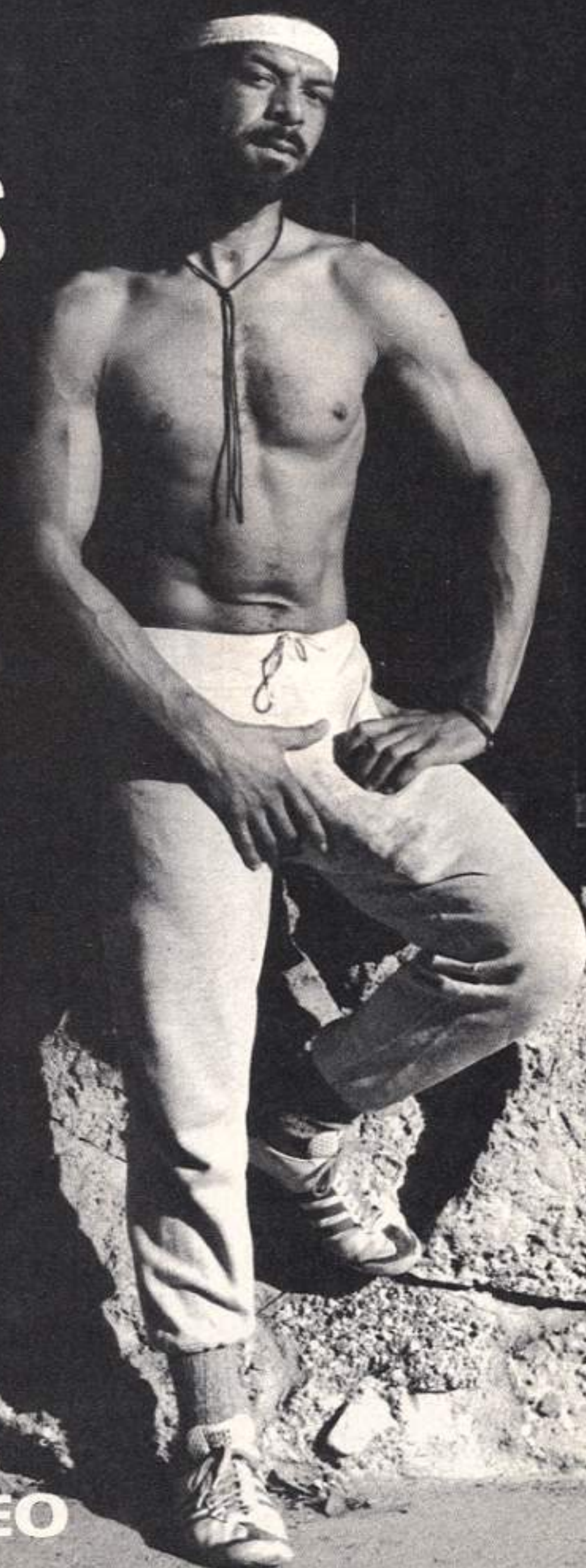
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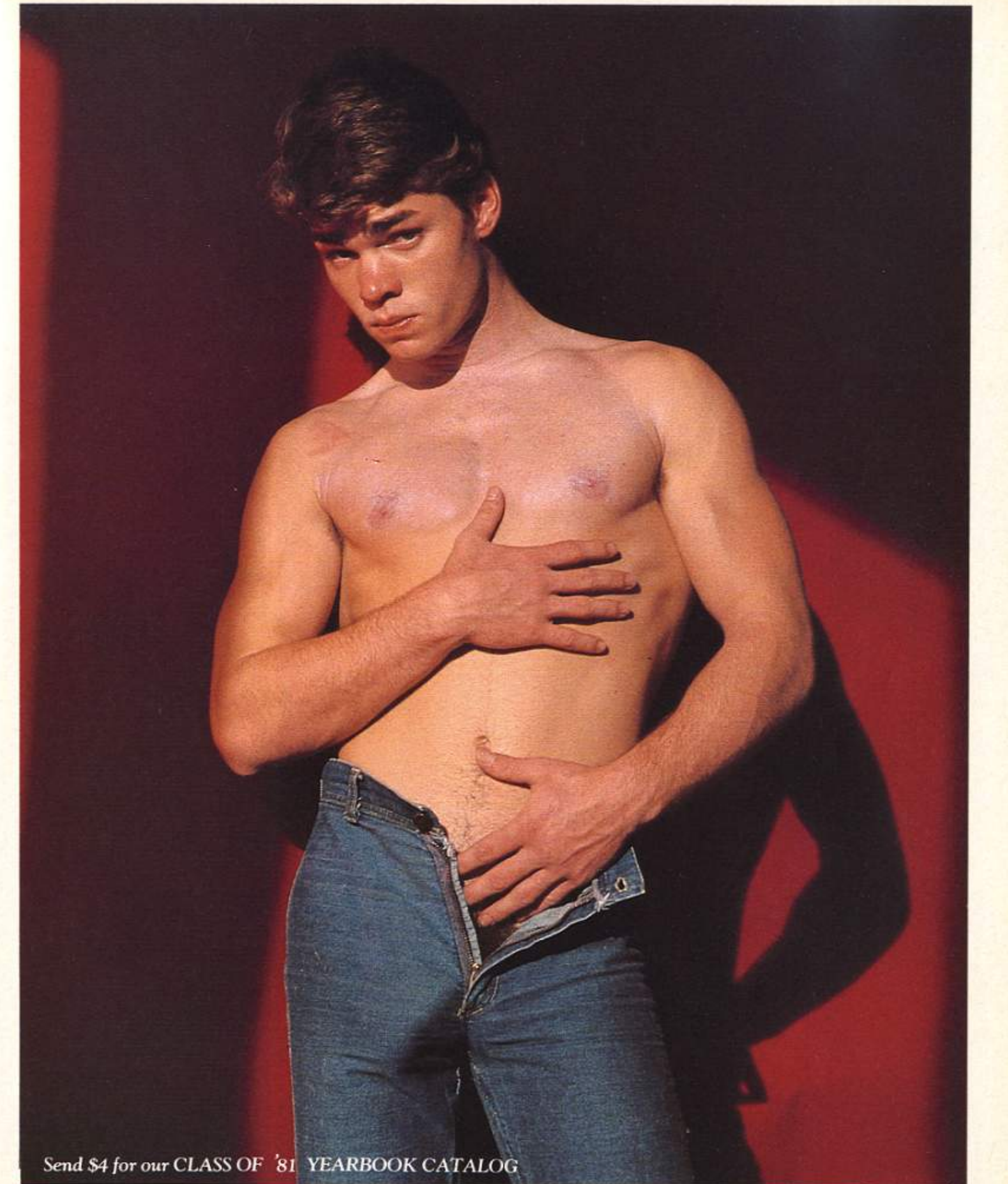
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# CITY MEN IN THE JUNGLE!

*City men have always looked into the jungle and seen themselves staring back in primitive form. Some famous observations follow . . .*

*Photos by ROY DEAN*




**T**he ground became soft as  
damp, like volcanic ash,  
and the vegetation was  
thicker and thicker, and the cries of  
the birds and the uproar of the  
monkeys became roars and noise  
without sense, and the world became  
generally sad. The men on the  
expedition felt overwhelmed by their  
most ancient memories in that para-  
dise of darkness and silence, going  
back to before sexual sin, as then  
horns sank into pools of steaming  
oil and then machetes descended  
brandy fifties and golden sake-  
monsters. For a week, almost with-  
out speaking, they went ahead like  
sleepwalkers through a universe of  
grief, lulled only by the tedious  
reflexion of humous insects.

—Gabriel Garcia Marquez  
*One Hundred Years  
of Solitude*







A full-page photograph showing a person lying on their back on a dark, wet, rocky shore. The person's arms are raised above their head, and their legs are bent at the knees. The water is calm, reflecting the sky and the rocks. In the background, the ocean stretches to the horizon under a blue sky with some white clouds.

**"T**here were times during the night when all the jungle sounds would stop at once.

There was no dwindling down or fading away, it was all gone in a single instant as though some signal had been transmitted out to the life: bats, birds, snakes, monkeys, insects, picking up on a frequency that a thousand years in the jungle might condition you to receive, but leaving you as it was to wonder what you weren't hearing now, straining for any sound, one piece of information. I had heard it before in other jungles, the Amazon and the Philippines, but those jungles were "secure," there wasn't much chance that hundreds of Viet Cong were coming and going, moving and waiting, living out there just to do you harm. The thought of that one could turn any sudden silence into a space that you'd fill with everything you thought was quiet in you, it could even put you on the approach to clairaudience. You thought you heard impossible things: damp roots breathing, fruit sweating, fervid bug action, the heartbeat of tiny animals."

—Michael Herr, *Dispatches*



# JUNGLE MAN IN THE CITY!

**H**e's loose on Flower Street! He's naked at the underpass! He's wild in the streets of downtown Los Angeles. This is the part of L.A.—grey, seedy, hopelessly 1940's—that you only read about in Raymond Chandler. He is the kind of man you'll only find in *IN TOUCH*—a balls-out exhibitionist gone ape, coming up from the darkest jungle depths of our imagination, a primitive man hunted down by a civilized urbanite with camera (who risked arrest to get these photos), the rawest of instincts flashing through an alien metropolis.

Photos by  
**ZAK DRUMMER/  
COLLEGE STATION**





**I**t keeps you running. It keeps you hiding. But you can't hide when you're out front, so you flash on. Jungle Man is surrounded at Union Station, one of the last great train terminals built in America (circa 1939) and symbol of industrially revolutionized humanity; of lit-up cities that rush and rattle by in the night. Cars honk. Whistles squeal. Jungle Man is running down the tracks, trespassing without guilt.



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**T**he signs do not reach him with their arbitrary don'ts. What is don't to Jungle Man? The line between do and don't, between what is natural and what is unnatural is very simple in the jungle. Natural is everything men can do; unnatural is everything men can't. Unnatural is a non-existent concept, really, something imported by the missionaries, a white man's burden. The nets descend. His struggle is beautiful. Jungle Man is free even when he is captured.



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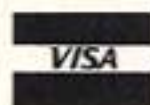
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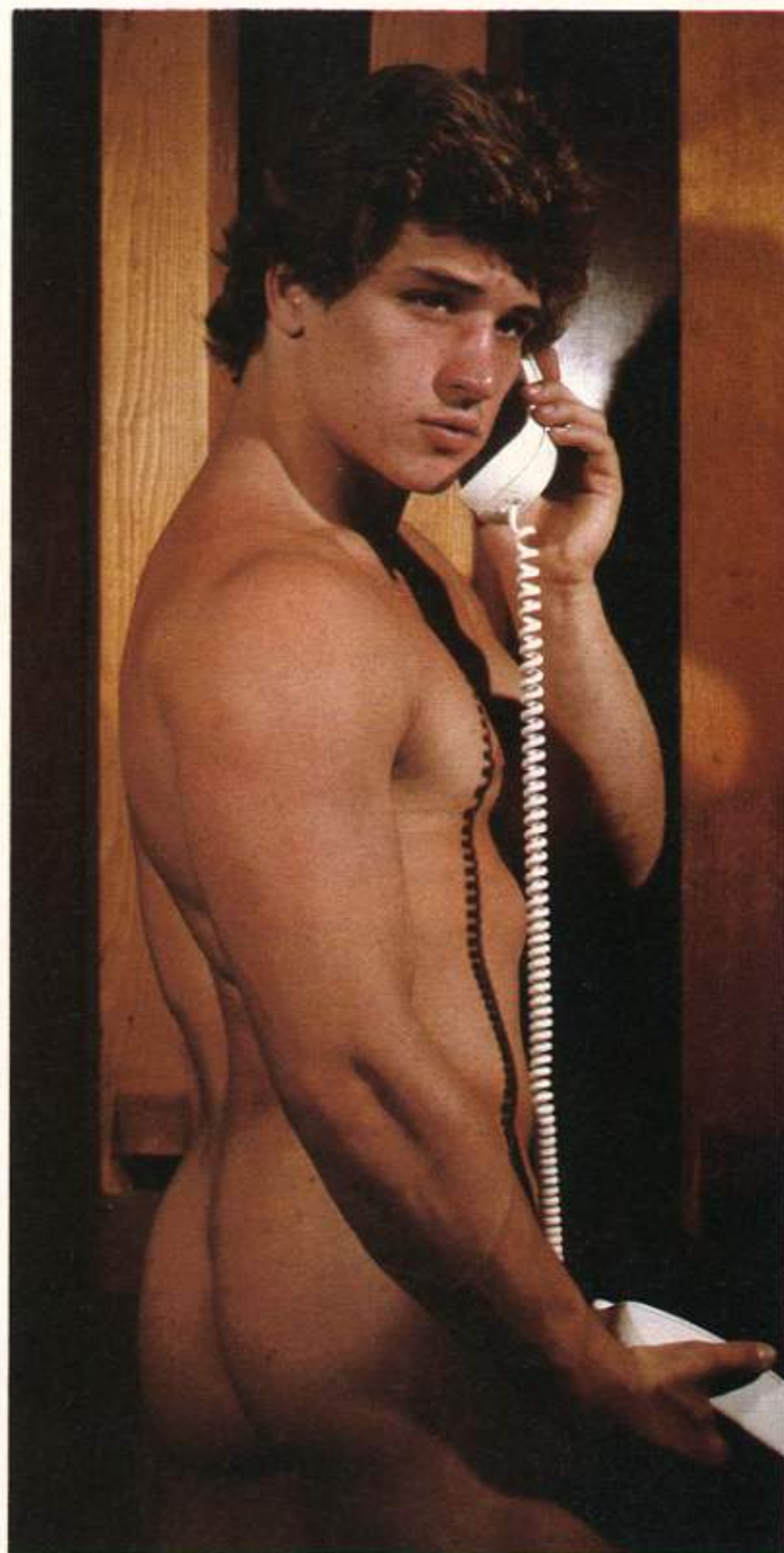
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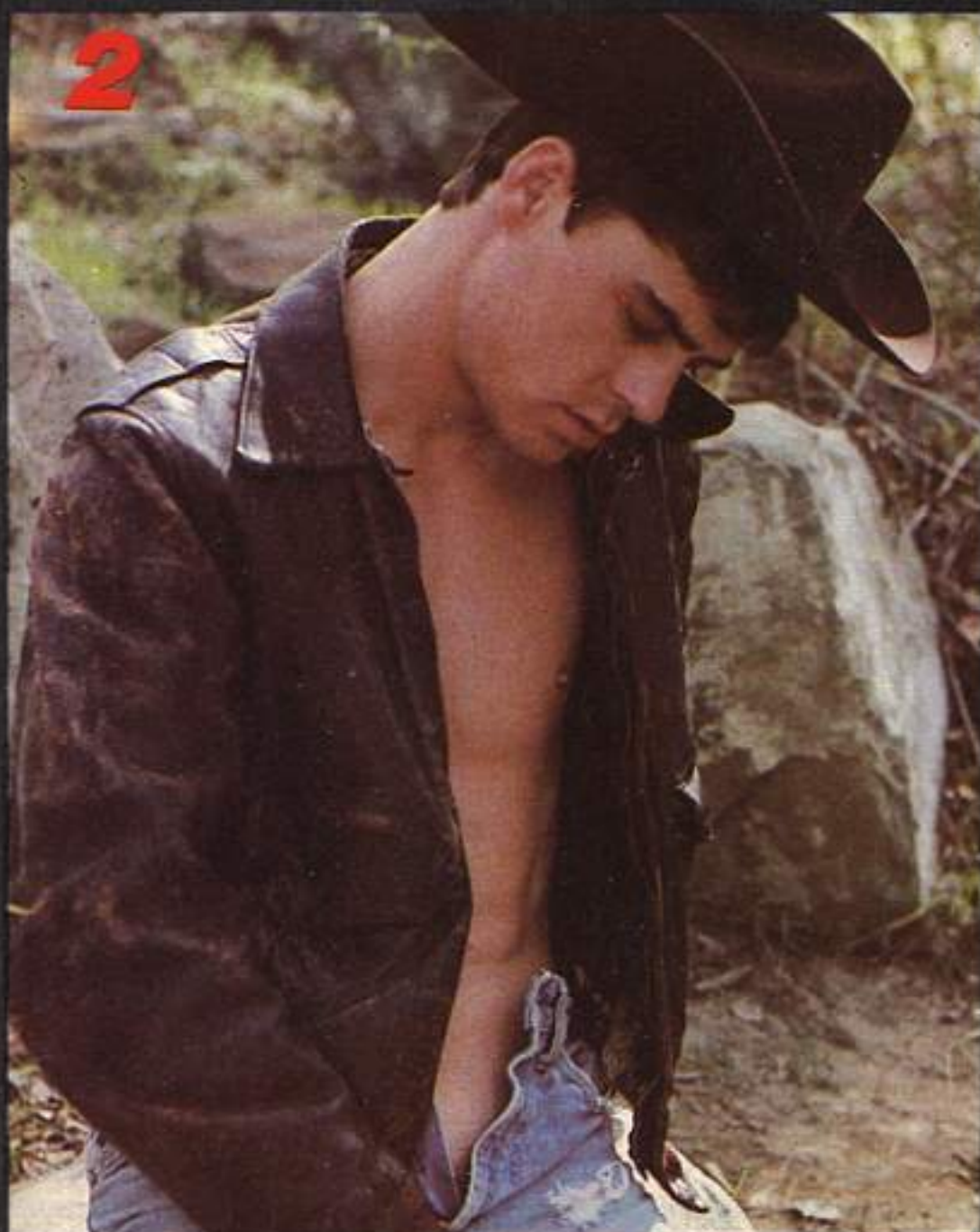
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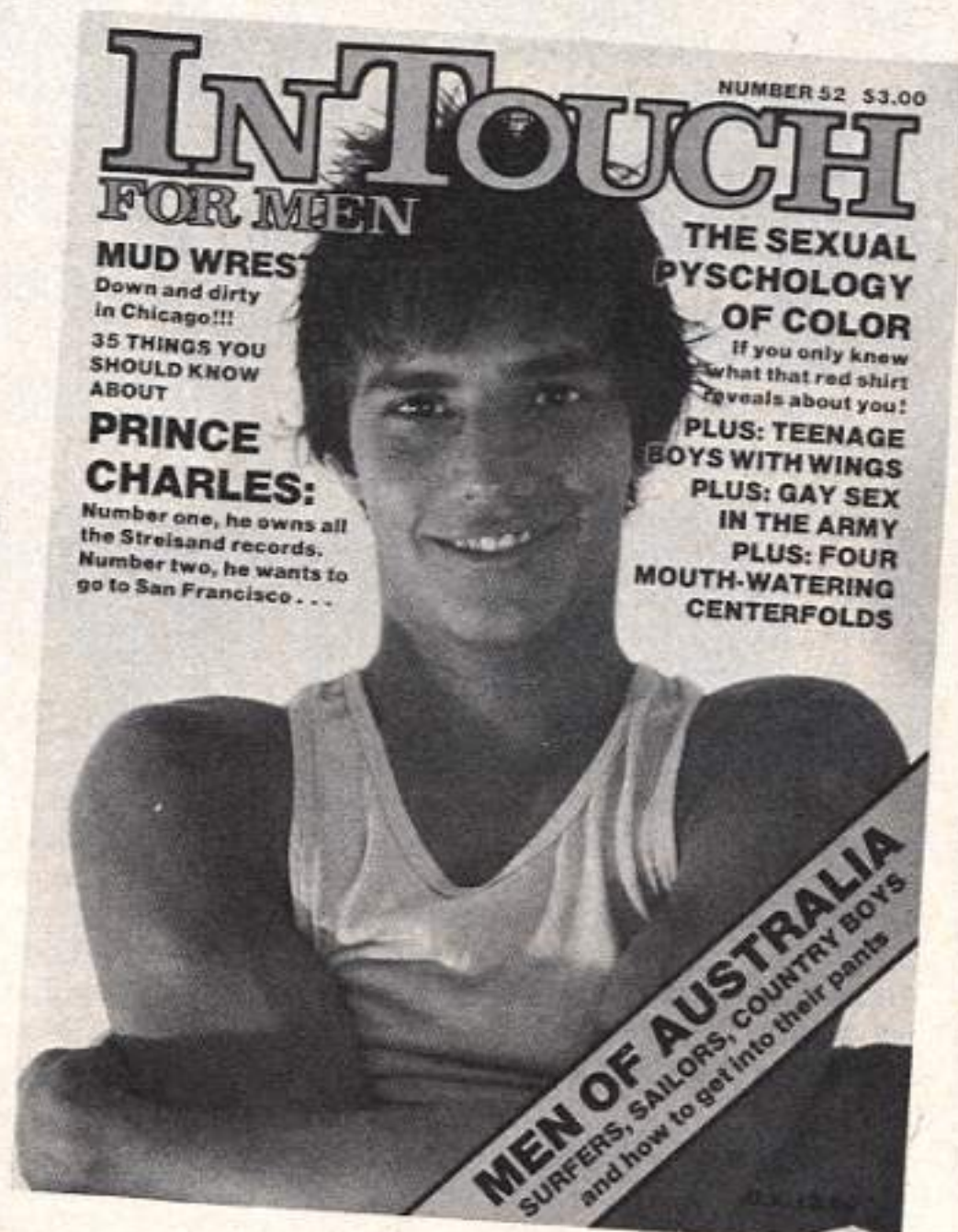
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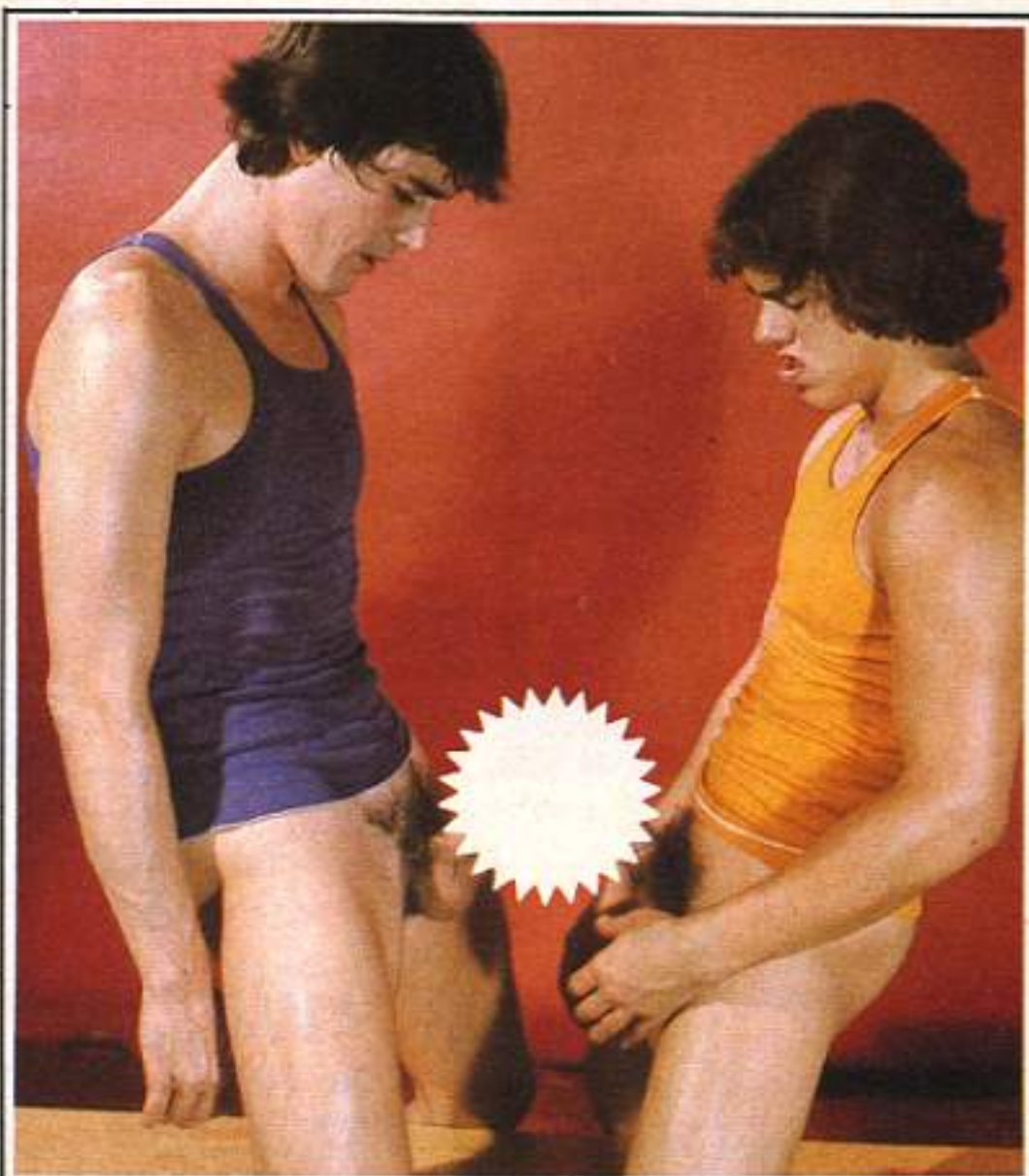
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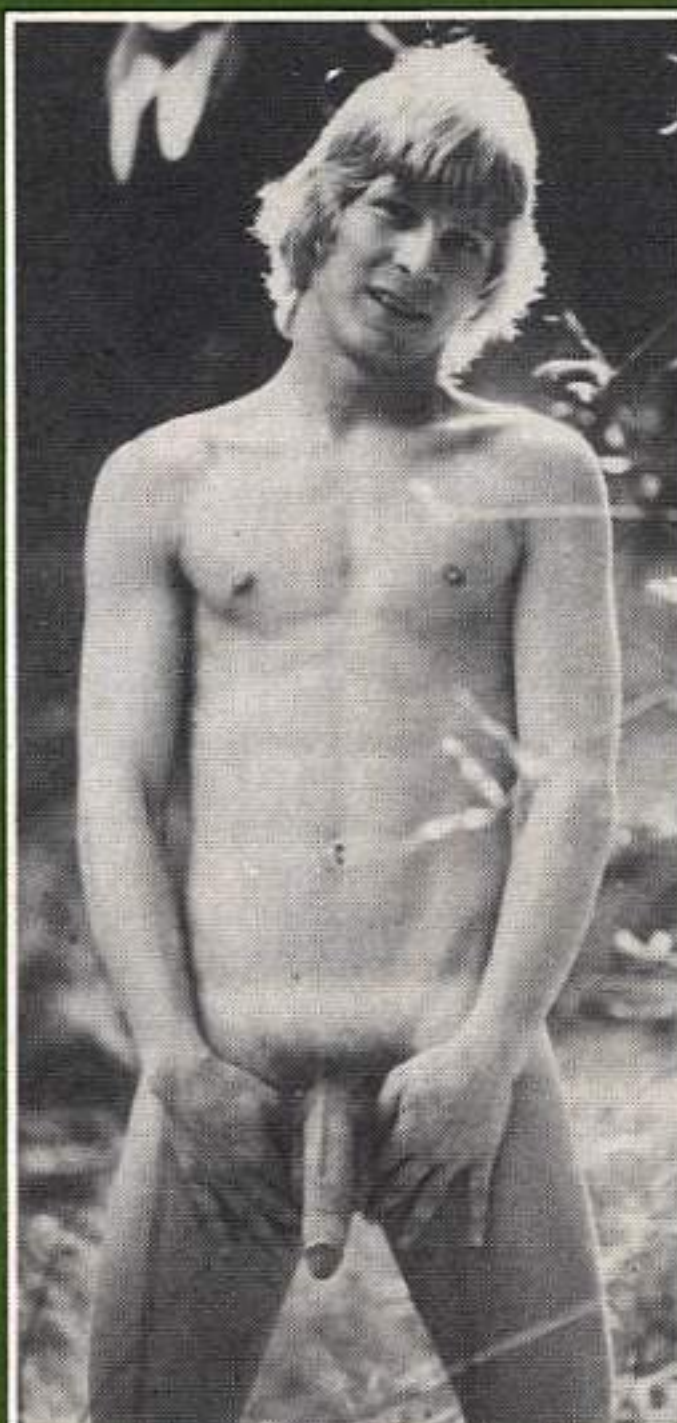
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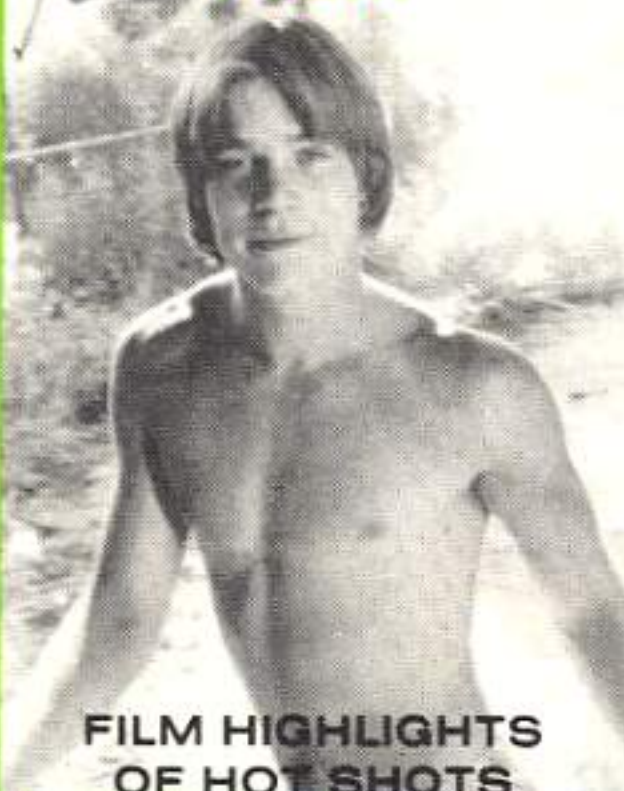


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Above: 8 mm color film V-23 VOLUPTUOUS SCOUTS \$25. Tico Patterson & Jim Sexton.  
Bottom: Super 8 film L-87 Richard Lee & Sam Benson WRESTLING \$25. (Color)

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Creature from  
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CHRIS





# ATKINS

BY MERI GARCIA

PHOTOS COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES

When *The Blue Lagoon* was first filmed in 1948—the story of two children shipwrecked on a tropical island where they grow to sexual maturity—the film made a star out of velveteen-beauty Jean Simmons but didn't do the same for co-star Donald Houston. This has not been the fate of 1980's most gorgeous male castaway, Chris Atkins, who really turned the lagoon blue when he flashed his gold body about in a loincloth. What his loincloth hinted at was finally unveiled in later scenes when he slides down a waterfall with his equally nude leading lady, Miss Box-Office Jailbait herself, Brooke Shields. Well, if Brooke is the winning nymph in the jailbait sweepstakes, Chris is definitely the gilded, prize-trophy buck.

Atkins was chosen from approximately 2,000 young men—and loads of these boys were Class A Dreamboats. "Chris had a special quality that made him stand out from the rest," recalls *Lagoon's* director, Randal Kleiser. "He was poised right at the half-way mark between boy and man. A little too much boy or a little too much man, he wouldn't have worked. But we got him down on film right on the brink, right at the boiling point when everything is turning over." He was 19 at the time—a year ago. Director of photography, Nestor Almendros further explains: "Chris has a face and body that the camera loves. Both he and Brooke have ethereal beauty. The shots of Chris in his loincloth are provocative, yes, but guileless too. There is an innocence to him. I can see him becoming a major star."

Chris had problems adjusting to his literally over-night success. During the filming of *Blue Lagoon*, he frequently expressed something he called "guilt" to his co-workers. "To think," he told *After Dark*, "people go to acting school and wait for years for that big break—while others get picked off the street and thrown into movies. I am confused. I know it's not fair."

Actually, his whole career has been what press agents describe as "whirlwind." Atkins was just a high school kid in upstate New York, giving sailing lessons, when he was discovered by a scout for a small modeling agency. In no time at all he was snapped up by the Ford Modeling Agency, a major shaker in the male beauty industry. In fact, the week he was asked to test for *Blue Lagoon*, he had just shot a commercial for designer jeans and was waiting for the final word to come in on whether or not the company would use



him. At the time, he remembers, he was more excited about the commercial. "It was just a more likely possibility. Then when I got the role, going up against some of the biggest teenage models in New York City, I just freaked out. I mean, I did a screen test on Wednesday standing up against some file cabinets, filmed the commercial on Thursday, Friday, the producers told me I had the part. Saturday I flew to California. Sunday I did a screen test in a bathing suit, Monday and Tuesday were filled with passports and doctors. Wednesday we were in Fiji, and Thursday we started filming!"

The screen test in Hollywood really baffled the young actor. "I was embarrassed at first. I wasn't asked to read or do scenes or anything like that. I basically just stood in a room in nothing but bikini briefs with a camera in front of me. Randal was making the place into a fake island with plants on the floor and a fan going and the right lighting. In the middle of all that somewhere I got the job. They told me I had to go right off to Fiji and spend a month getting a tan—which was fine with me."

How about the loincloth fittings? "Hey," he smiles crookedly, like a shower-fresh athlete who just has been caught by the flick of a funster's towel, "that's privileged information."

There are many things about Chris Atkins which remind you of the star athlete in high school. Perhaps because he was a star athlete. "I paid a price for my thing for football," says Chris. "I had three rotten years in high school on account of operations from football injuries. Man, they got me pretty low and for a while I didn't know what I would do. My grades were not great—or even good. I was just too involved with sports. And then when it looked like my potential as a football player was shot, I just didn't know." But high school was made bearable when he switched to water sports. Sailing, swimming, surfing. "In *The Blue Lagoon*," he says proudly, "they were going to use doubles for Brooke and me during the underwater scenes. But I told them I was a pretty good swimmer and I did my own underwater stuff. Also, I did my own stunts."

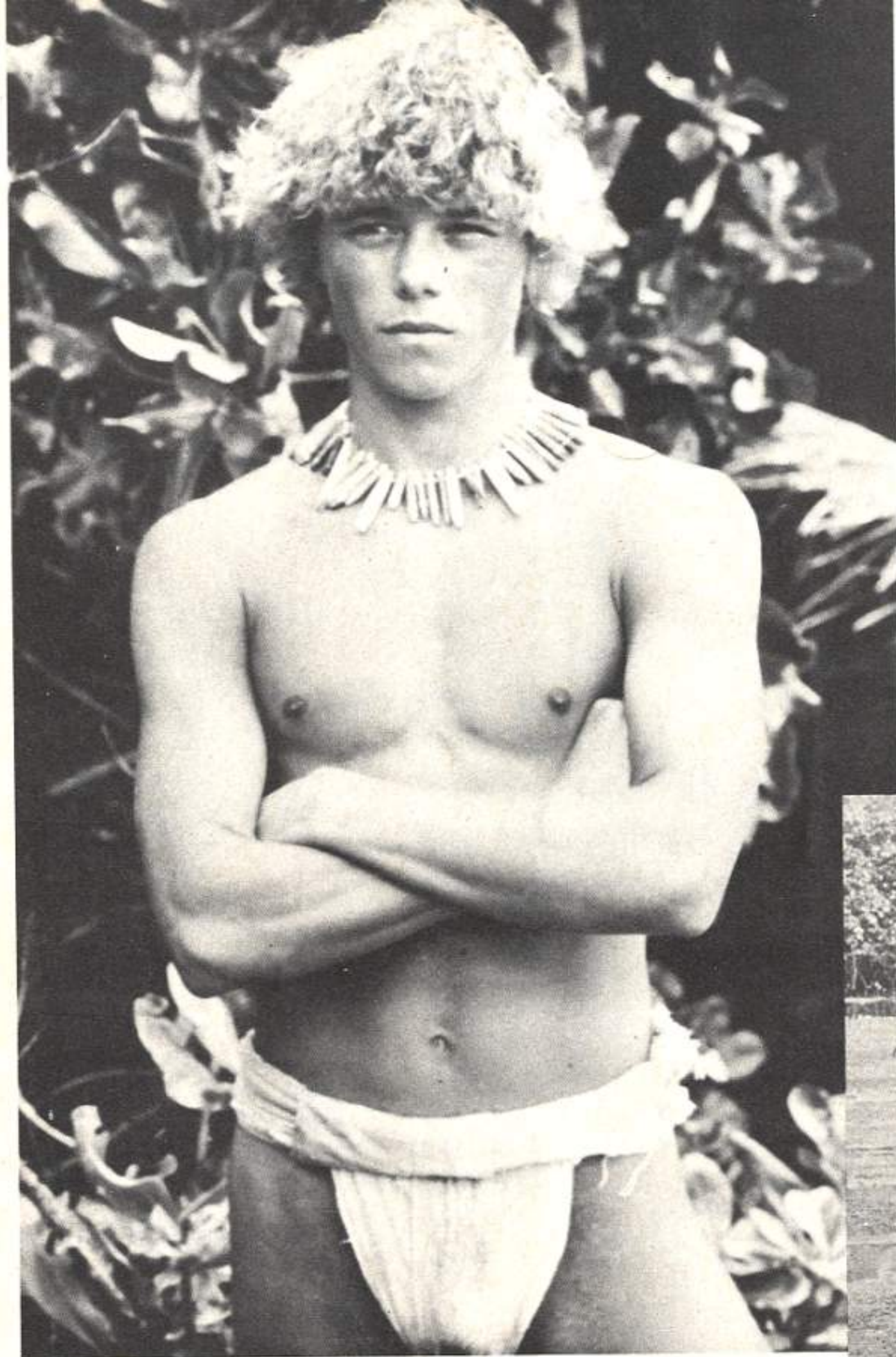
In reality, Chris has straight, brown hair; for the film he was permed and blonded, stripped down to bare essentials and adorned in a Fijian necklace. "It was like an adventure in paradise," he grins, remembering the stay on Nanuya Levu island. "It was like summer camp. Makeshift living conditions, terrible food—no, the food was pretty good—and everyone real friendly. Brooke was nice, very professional." The two, however, did not become fast friends.

When mention is made of the kiddyporn controversy that his and Brooke Shields' nude scenes stirred up, Chris laughs. "It was that kind of a story. What did people expect? *Masterpiece Theater*? It was life in the wild, young people discovering their bodies." In the film, Brooke discovers Chris' body before he discovers hers. The first to mature, Brooke is ever eyeing the golden boy as his arms flex while he makes a fire or as he comes up from the ocean, all shining, with a speared fish in his hand and his loincloth pronounced. "Everything was tasteful," the young actor continues, "and even if some people came to see the film for the nudity of Brooke or myself, I'm sure they were impressed by the story and the cinematography and the way everything was done." Yes, we agree. Definitely, yes. That certainly is what had impressed us.

"If I do more movies, I'll take my clothes off, but I don't want it to be a habit. I'm not guilty about it. I just don't want to be famous for letting it all hang out!"

Atkins has already become a scream-teen idol, promoted heavily in the teen press. "I try to keep a distance from that. Fans can be fickle, especially when they're young, and their devotion and love—well, it seems unreal to me." Does he ever contemplate the fact that for many grown up women—and men—he is a sex





object, thanks to what might appear as a calculated debut in the near-nude? "Different people had different reactions, and I can't know who's going to think what. When you go public like that, you sort of have to expect everything. Let's face it, there are men who like men in the world..."

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"...and, of course, they're going to prefer male stars and attractive ones. And ones with hardly any clothes. So? ... I'm just glad to have a career. It couldn't have worked out better. I was thinking of going to college in Ohio and maybe become a doctor, but my grades weren't too hot. I missed a lot of class because of football

injuries, and I really wanted to do something with sports. Then came the movie, and acting is a good combination of using your head and your body and also living a kind of athlete's life. If I move to California, I can live by the beach and play in the water between movies."

Chris recently rejected three TV series (among them *Breaking Away*), preferring to hold out for more film work. Christopher and Atkins are actually his first and middle names; his real last name is Bomann, which he dropped "for aesthetic reasons." We take that to mean because his agent told him to, Chris laughs. "Brief is best with actor's names." He is the oldest of four children, two of them brothers still liv-

ing at home in Rye, New York.

"Some of my buddies in New York are real jealous of the love scenes I had with Brooke Shields. But that's fine. It turns me on—no, it really does. I like having guys jealous of me, as long as they like me too. So much new stuff is happening to me, and I want to be open to it and experience it with a clear, curious mind. That's why I avoid drugs and booze and all that."

Though he is a free and easy talker, Chris prefers not to dwell on his private life. (At the moment, however, he is seeing a young model, whom he occasionally dates.) He feels that "private stuff is supposed to be private. I don't like doing interviews for those fanzines and teenzines because they're dying to know personal details of everything you do. Hey, they ought to go out and jazz up their own lives instead of reading about somebody else's."

How about this interview—for a gay magazine?

"Everyone's entitled to do what he or she wants as long as they don't hurt anyone else. When I hear people criticizing someone else's private life, I figure, gee, there must be something wrong in their own life or they wouldn't be beefing. And wouldn't have time to beef either."









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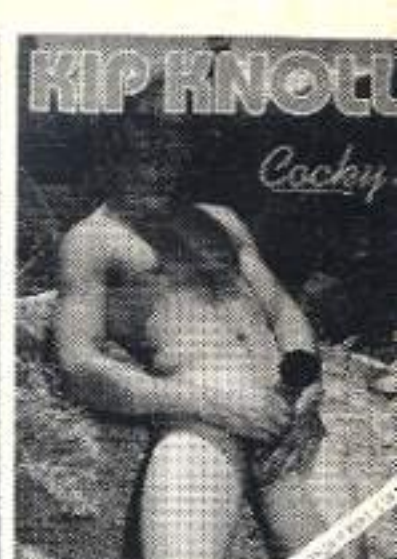
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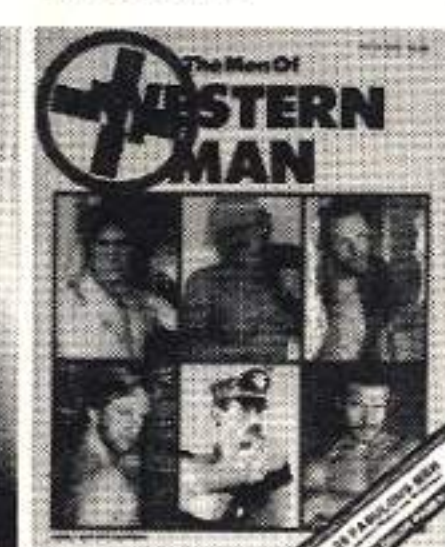
RIVET 2



BATHHOUSE BALLIN'



SPIKE 2



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# NIGHTLIFE!

**YOUNG AND RESTLESS:** Meet Myrtle, the official mascot of Greg's Blue Dot Lounge in Hollywood. When Myrtle's sister passed on, Myrtle became very depressed. A gay neighbor said, "Come on, honey, I'll buy you a drink." Myrtle has been a regular at the Blue Dot ever since, given VIP treatment always. Thus, when Myrtle turned 91, Greg threw her a big bash. Myrtle liked the



PHOTOS BY LES A. FERRY



cake well enough, but how does she like her men? We snapped her as she let her fingers do the talking. Later upon meeting the new bouncer, Myrtle looked him up and down, her kindly little eyes twinkling and her little bird's voice piping high. The comment? "Put him in a sling!" The Birthday Girl got her wish.





**LIGHT IN THE LOAFERS?:**  
When somebody picks you up  
at the Jungle (a bar in the sexy  
Silver Lake section of Los An-  
geles), you really get swept off  
your feet.



PHOTOS BY ROSE DE CASTRO

As for our exotic  
looking fellow here, seen get-  
ting his feet cruised by a pedo-  
phile... wouldn't it be great to  
wrestle him to the Jungle  
floor?



**MIXERS:** Contrary to what you  
read in our last issue about bar-  
tenders' lifestyles, it's not all  
sex, glamor and quaaludes.  
There's also hot tub parties and  
poolside affairs. We present, in  
evidence, these shots of bar-  
tenders hitting the bubbly and  
receiving massive doses of  
Vitamin C. They're from LA's  
classy Blue Parrot and Jungle.

ROSE DE CASTRO







**SWAP 'EM AND SELL 'EM:**  
 You're looking at what we call a handful, and any thing more than this would be wasted. They're the stars of the brand new William (Boys of Venice) Higgins' production, *Pacific Coast Highway*. Three of these, uh, faces, should be familiar—Kip Knoll appeared in *IN TOUCH* #46, Jake Burnett was in #51 and Scott Anderson sold a hell of a lot of #47 for us. In this typically hot Higgins production, Knoll, Burnett and Anderson, along with newcomers Dan Rockford and Buddy Preston, hitchhike up and down the coast. Hmmm. Wonder what they put out besides their thumbs?







**STICKY FINGERS:** The Crazy Horse Saloon in New York featured male strippers. The Crazy Horse Saloon wouldn't let its customers touch the dancers. The Crazy Horse Saloon went out of business. Did someone squeeze the Charmin?

**DO NOT  
TOUCH  
DANCERS**  
UNDER PENALTY OF LAW

CHARLES MONIZ

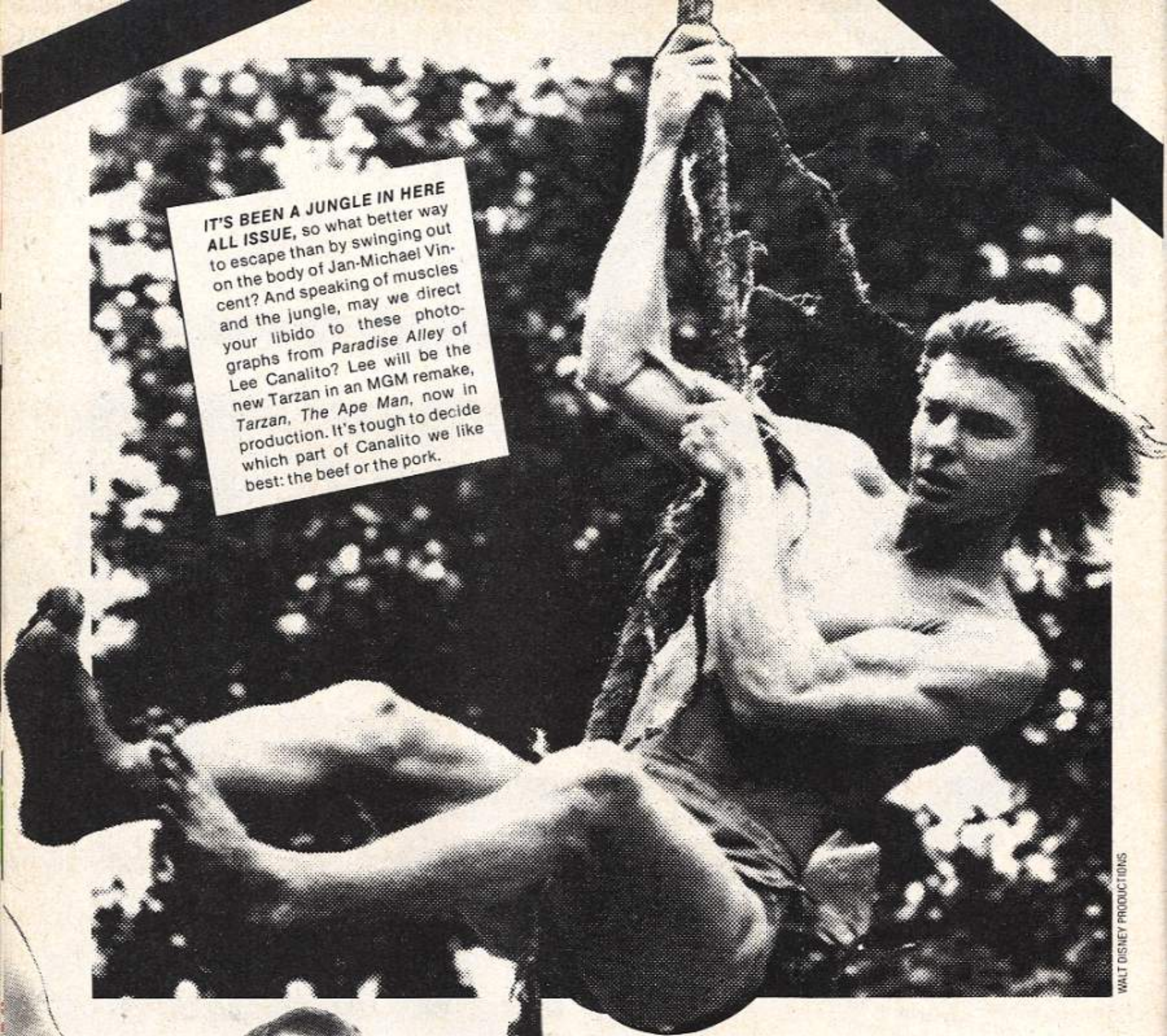
**PRESSING ENGAGEMENT:** Gay publications from all over the country gathered in New York recently for a convention (including many of our favorites like *Update* from San Diego, *Gay Community News* from Boston and *Gaylife* from Chicago.) The purpose of the convention was to keep the gay press alive and interconnected, establishing a network of shared news stories so that *Time* magazine won't have the last word on who we are and what we want. Seen here (in the center, of course) is our own Don Beavers. Associate Publisher and Resident Blond, showing how a grown man looks when bubbles tickle his nose. At left is Freeman Gunter of *Mandate*. At right is a young man who is both unnamed and quite attractive—one of our favorite combinations.



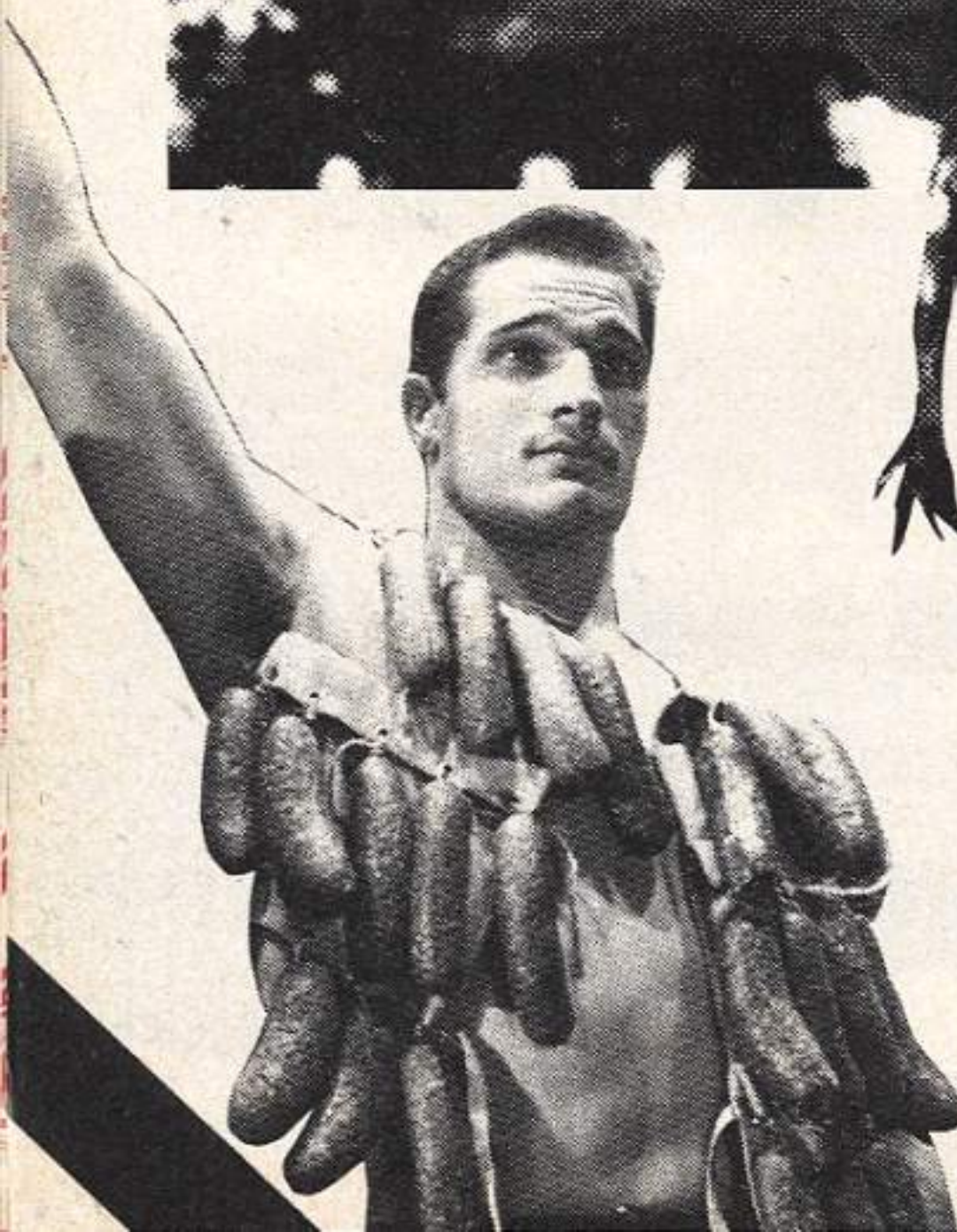
HARRY EBERLIN



IT'S BEEN A JUNGLE IN HERE ALL ISSUE, so what better way to escape than by swinging out on the body of Jan-Michael Vincent? And speaking of muscles and the jungle, may we direct your libido to these photographs from *Paradise Alley* of Lee Canalito? Lee will be the new Tarzan in an MGM remake, *Tarzan, The Ape Man*, now in production. It's tough to decide which part of Canalito we like best: the beef or the pork.



WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS



UNIVERSAL PICTURES

**FLASH!**

As we go to press, Canalito out of 'Tarzan' due to injuries... Replaced by newcomer Myles O'Keefe! Photos to follow!



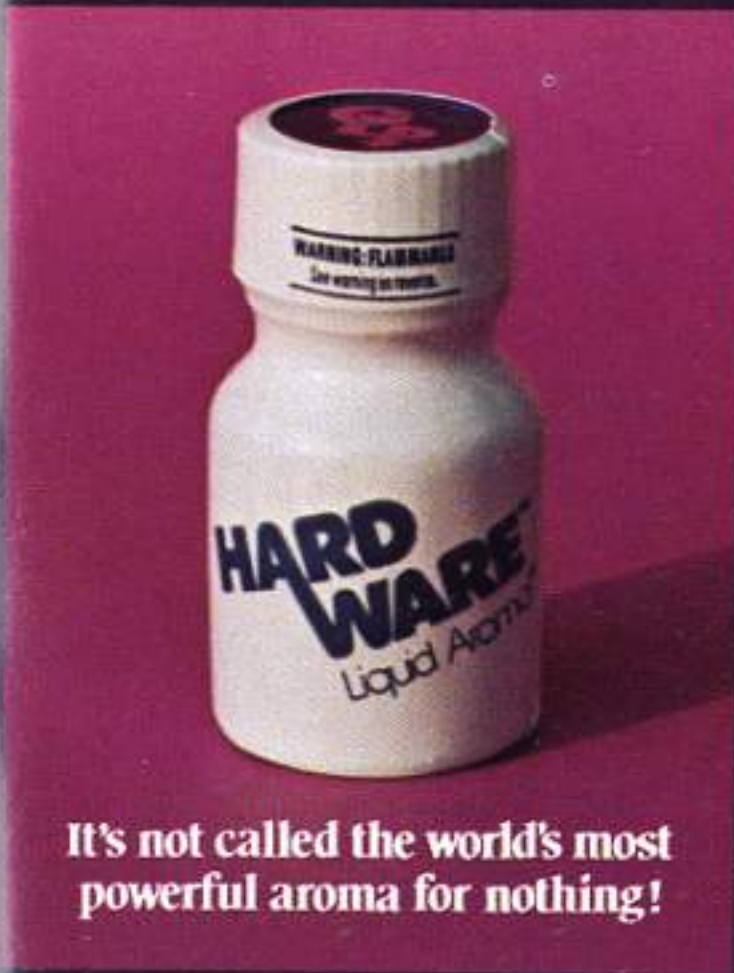


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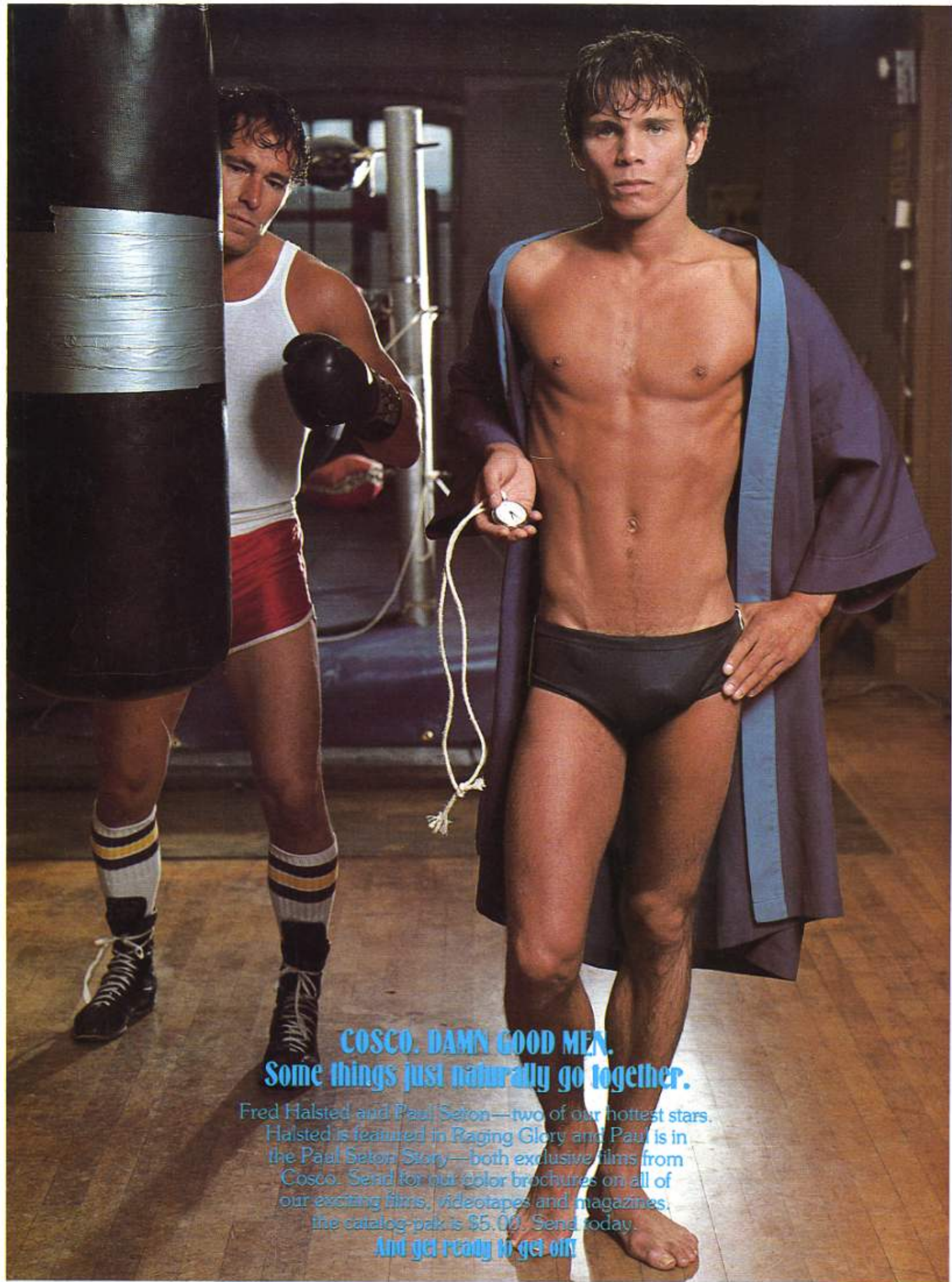
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